THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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GROWLING GUARDS.

The Premier British "Walk-a-heaps," Natural Loafers, Want all Play and no Work.

The English Throne "Buttressed" by Rotten Props—Dee Gratias!

LONDON, July 22.—*Truth* today prints a startling story of another mutiny in the British army. Strange to remark, the facts seem to have been kept quiet up to the present and, stranger still, it is again one of the famed footguard regiments which finds itself in trouble.

According to the story in *Truth* this third serious mutiny among the guards during the past year or so occurred in the Second battalion of the Coldstream guards, whose colonel is the Hon. Sir A. E Hardinge, K.C.B. The Second battalion of this regiment has been quartered at Wellington barracks, Birdcage Walk, close to Buckingham palace, where it has been furnishing the guard of honor, and, incidentally, during the recent visit of the Emperor William of Germany to London, taking a prominent part in the parades, reviews and processions which were arranged in honor of the imperial visitor. This work naturally necessitated a considerable amount of extra duty, which was far from being pleasant to the guardsmen, who have long been the pets, some people say spoiled pets, of the British army.

After the departure of the German emperor from London the guards expected to be allowed at least a day free from guard mounting at the palaces, Whitehall, the bank or other places, which are regularly committed to the guardianship of the Grenadier guards, Scott's fusiliers or Coldstream guards, forming the brigade of foot guards in garrison at Wellington barracks, Chelsea barracks and St. George's barracks, London.

This day for recuperation does not seem to have been granted to the Coldstreams, and a week ago the grumbling which this alleged neglect had occasioned among the men broke out into serious trouble. Instead of being granted the day which the Coldstreams expected, and which they considered themselves entitled to, the men were ordered to parade in full marching order. The feelings of the men upon receiving this order can readily be imagined. Grumbling, cursing, and what was worse, sullen, fierce mutterings were heard throughout the company rooms of the barracks. The whole battalion, for a period, seemed determined to refuse to turn out in marching order, or in any other order in fact. The 1st and 3d companies at first bluntly refused to parade, and told their non-commissioned officers that they could inform the higher authorities of the determination the privates had had arrived at.

The non-commissioned officers, with grenadier mutinies fresh in their memories, had no course left but to report the insubordination referred to. The first and third companies' officers, when placed in possession of the facts, held a hurried consultation and did not lose sight of the fact that they had before them the prospect of a term of exile similar to that which the second battalion of the grenadier guards was subjected to at Bermuda.

Now the officers of the guards are not supposed to be very willing, unless in time of war, to leave the so called enjoyments of England for the less attractive society of British colonists, be the latter ever so select. The result was that the Coldstream's officers repaired to the company's rooms and earnestly argued with the mutinous privates, setting forth to them the disgrace which had fallen upon the Grenadier guards and holding up to them the prospect of being exiled from England, to say the least, for a period equal to that imposed upon their comrades.

Finally, the rebellious privates, still grumbling and growling, sullenly consented to parade and were conducted to St. James' park in full marching order for their usual drill, but arrived upon the parade ground. The behavior and bearing of the Coldstreams was so glaringly insubordinate that their officers conceded that it would be advisable to march them back to Wellington barracks.

This was done, the men returning to the barracks with the consciousness that they had at least won a partial victory over their officers. The latter, however, upon arriving at Wellington barracks, issued orders confining their commands to the barracks for three days as a punishment for their insubordinate conduct. In addition to this the Coldstream's officers ordered that the ten senior privates of the mutinous companies should be placed under arrest with the view of trying them by court martial for insubordination.

No sooner did the main body of the excited guardsmen hear of this order than ninety of them barricaded themselves in a room in the barracks and declined to move from it until promised that the ten senior privates should not fare any worse than their comrades.

A considerable time was spent in parleying with the mutineers, and they were finally persuaded, on the ground that they would only make matters worse for all concerned, to open the door and listen to their officers in an orderly manner. They were then addressed by Col. Harding, who, by judiciously stroking the soldiers' backs, figuratively speaking, succeeded in quieting them down.

The second battalion of Grenadier guards mutinied at Wellington barracks about a year or so ago and were exiled to Bermuda for so doing. They are now on their way home and have behaved themselves admirably while on the island. April 21 of this year the third battalion of Grenadier guards at Chelsea and at St. George's barracks were also insubordinate, and, like the Coldstreams, refused to turn out for parade in full marching order on the same day that they had to mount guard at the palaces and government offices.

The mutiny of Coldstreams is another illustration of the ill feeling and discontent which has been growing, in certain corps at least, of the British army for some time past. Excessive drills, excessive punishment, excessive severity upon the part of their officers and non commissioned officers, together with small pay, are said to be the cause of this discontent.

The real significance of the Coldstreams display of a mutinous sentiment can be judged from the fact that this regiment of foot guards is the oldest corps in the British army except the First foot regiment.

Gen. Monk in 1660 raised a corps of infantry at Coldstream, Berwickshire, on the left bank of the Tweed. This corps was at first called "Monk's regiment" and when parliament gave a brigade of guards to Charles II. "Monks regiment" was included in it under the title of the Coldstream guards.

The present Coldstreams are tall, finely developed men who wear the bear-skin and red coat, distinctive of the grenadier and the Scots guards. The Coldstreams have seen service on many battlefields and are counted among the best of infantry regiments of the world.

The military authorities, when questioned today in regard to the story published in *Truth*, did not deny that the guards had again mutinied. When asked for some explanation of the soldiers' conduct the war office officials said that the mutiny was of a minor character and that the causes which led up to it had been thoroughly investigated by the proper officials. Asked what were the causes which led to the mutiny, the war office officials replied frankly that "unreasoning compliance with orders was no longer obtainable from men who were permeated with quasi education and that this must be seriously considered in all future dealings with soldiers."

THE "OLD" FLAG IN A NEW LIGHT.

Knocking the Poetry Out of the "Union Jack."

A correspondent of London *Truth*, April 9, who has evidently been reading Mr. Rudyard Kipling's ultra-Jingoish verses on "The English Flag," sends the following lines:

WHERE IS THE FLAG OF ENGLAND?

And the Winds of the World made answer,
North, South, and East, and West;
"Wherever there's wealth to covet,
Or land that can be possessed;
Wherever are savage races
To cozen, coerce, and scare,
Ye shall find the vaunted ensign—
For the English flag is there!

"Aye, it waves o'er the blazing hovels
Whence African victims fly,
To be shot by explosive bullets,
Or to wretchedly starve and die!
And where the beach-comber harries
The Isles of the Southern Sea,
At the peak of his hellish vessel,
'Tis the English flag flies free.

"The Maori full oft hath cursed it
With his bitterest dying breath;
And the Arab has hissed his hatred,
As he spits at its folds in death.
The hapless Fellah has feared it
On Tel-el-Kebir's parch'd plain,
And the Zulu's blood has stained it
With a deep, indelible stain.

"It has floated o'er scenes of pillage,
It has flaunted o'er deeds of shame,
It has waved o'er the fell marauder,
As he ravished with sword and flame.
It has looked upon ruthless slaughter,
And massacres dire and grim;
It has heard the shrieks of the victims
Drown even the Jingo hymn.

"Where is the flag of England?
Seek the lands where the natives rot!
Where decay and assured extinction
Must soon be the people's lot.
Go! search for the once glad islands,
Where diseases and death are rife,
And the greed of a callous commerce
Now battens on human life!

"Where is the flag of England?
Go! sail where rich galleons come
With shoddy and 'loaded' cottons,
And beer and Bibles and rum.
Go, to where brute force has triumphed,
And hypocrisy makes its lair:
And your question will find its answer,
For the Flag of England is there!"

John B. Ryan Memorial Fund.

As some persons announced their intention of contributing to the above fund who afterwards forgot to send in their subscriptions, I deem it only right on behalf of myself and the committee who had the matter in charge to state that the only money that ever passed into our hands was $65 from the members of the Curran Building & Loan Association, per John Brown, $5 each from P. F Ryan, Thomas Ryan, and $3 from Jos. O'Brien. If anybody else imagines or asserts that he paid a subscription he is requested to communicate with the treasurer, Mr. John Brown, No. 368 West Fourteenth street, or Mr. J. J Curran, Curran Hall.

E F. RYAN, Sec. of Committee.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

OH, FOR A GRIFFIN!

Miss Mulholland Bewails Most Eloquently the Present Dearth of Irish Fiction in the Realm of Literature.

Ireland's Best Writers, Unsupported at Home, Look for Encouragement in London.

The Rev. Matthew Russell, editor of the *Irish Monthly*, in the last number of that bright little magazine reproduces the following exceedingly interesting article on a timely topic, written by Miss Rosa Mulholland, some two years ago:

"Another year has come and gone without bringing us the novelist we are hoping for, whom we are in need of, to show us ourselves as we are, neither flattered nor yet too much overshadowed by lack of discernment and sympathy. Every nation has its novelists, and the art has not reached its highest development, the art which reflects men and women in their dealings with and attitudes towards each other, revealing their faults and failings, powers and weaknesses, with something added from the artist of suggestion, criticism, idealism, of the reverse which shall help the student to recognize himself or his neighbor, and hit a useful lesson home. The roll call of Irish novelists is far too short and unsatisfactory, and if it be true that the growth of the novel increases with the prosperity and consequent intellectual culture of a country, we have not far to seek for the reason of our poverty in art.

"A few treasures have been handed down to us from the past, works which have made record of the people and ways and scenes of a day gone by. We have the novels of Gerald Griffin, the Banims, Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Lever—all of which give us lively and characteristic pictures of an Ireland we see not now. In later years, either because imagination has grown dull among us, or the ways of life supply less attractive material, or the ready English market for fiction draws off our talent and employs it at remunerative wages on the themes its daily supply requires, for some one or all of these reasons, certain it is that our Irish literature does not become enriched as time goes on, and we shall have little to show for the work of our period at the close of the nineteenth century.

"It is a noticeable fact that writers who produce one good Irish novel, giving promise of more to come, almost invariably cease to be Irish at that point, and afterwards cast the tributary stream of their powers into the universal river of English fiction. Thus Mr. Lewis Wingfield, having given us that fine picture of Ireland in the days of the Volunteers, 'My Lords of Strogue,' turned his back upon us, and became in consequence less distinguished and less interesting in his work. Mr. Richard Ashe King in like manner having delighted Irish readers with the 'Wearing of the Green,' now supplies an English novel to an English periodical, hiding his shamrock in a field of common clover. Mr. Justin McCarthy also writes perfect English for the English, and the clever books of Mrs. Cashel Hoey show no trace of the fact that she is Irish of the Irish, not only by birth, but in faithful affection. Mr. Richard Dowling, who in his early days of delicate promise migrated to London, and pitched his tent beside the publishers, would doubtless have given us much more beautiful and delicate work if he had stayed within hearing of Shandon Bells. Yet how can we quarrel with any of these bright spirits if they prefer to spend their lives pleasantly and in affluent circumstances in the busy, working, paying world of London, rather that content themselves with the ideally uncomfortable condition of him who elects to chew the cud of sweet and bitter Irish fancies, with his feet in an Irish bog and his head in a rainbow? To choose the latter, very much self denial is needed, much faith, much singleness of purpose, and also the sacrifice, sometimes, of things even more sacred than ideal service of country. We must only hope that there will soon come to Ireland the dawn of a new era, when increased prosperity and civilization will bring increase of artistic culture and a taste for letters, which are at present deplorably wanting in the Irish public. Until such a taste be engendered, we have little chance of possessing a rich literature of our own.

"Of the few Irish writers who continue to write for Ireland are Miss Laffen and the clever author of 'Hurrish.' While paying large tribute to the brilliant author of 'Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor,' we must regret that her pen is not more often dipped in the milk of human kindness when describing the faults and shortcomings of her worser fellow countrymen. A little of Thackeray's sly humor and sweetening tenderness would enhance the value of her often just criticism, and a bright picture placed beside a dark one would relieve the sombreness of her presentation and more completely reflect the truth. The author of 'Hurrish' has also chosen the role of censor, though, perhaps, in a less marked degree. All honor to those who dare to expose the naked truth with honest purpose. Would we had a George Eliot to give us of Irish life scenes and characters corresponding to those in 'Silas Marner' and 'The Mill on the Floss.'

"There is no doubt that 'The Collegians,' by Gerald Griffin, is the best Irish novel as yet written. Strikingly dramatic, wrought to a fine point of tragedy through varying scenes of the most touching pathos, the most playful humor, every touch is Irish to the life; laughter and tears follow one another as one turns the pages of the book. The entire narrative of the death and funeral of Kyrie Daly's mother thrills with that simple pathos which is of the most perfect art, and no one could read it without the surprise of tears suddenly rushing from the heart.

"The best Irish story written in later years is Miss Keary's 'Castle Daly.' Unhappily, the author did not live long enough after its publication to give us another of the same character."

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

Last Sunday there was some rough playing at the Gaelic Athletic Association games. In the football and hurling matches plenty of hard knocks and bruises were given and received with the utmost good humor.

In the football game H. Peters, one of the Emmets, dislocated his collarbone. The Innisfails easily defeated the Emmets by 1 goal, 4 points to 2 points.

The hurling contest also proved a rather one sided affair, the Innisfail club playing all around their opponents. Upon the call of time the score stood: Innisfails, 1 goal, 8 points; Michael Davitts, 2 points.

In the races that followed J. Walsh of the Emmets won the 100 yard dash from a field of four starters. In the 1-mile race Michael Kennedy held the lead from the start and finished alone, the others giving up. The 240 yard hurdle race was captured easily by P. D. Fitzgerald.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending July 23:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicagos	75	44	31	.587
New Yorks	69	40	29	.580
Bostons	74	41	33	.554
Brooklyns	74	34	40	.541
Clevelands	77	39	38	.506
Philadelphias	74	36	38	.486
Pittsburgs	72	30	42	.417
Cincinnatis	75	31	44	.413

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending July 23:

Thursday—Chicago 8 Boston 7. Cincinnati 4, Philadelphia 2. Cleveland 12, New York 6 Pittsburg 7, Brooklyn 5 Pittsburg 8 Brooklyn 12.

Friday—Pittsburg 6, Chicago 2. Cleveland 12, Cincinnati 8.

Saturday—Cleveland 6, Cincinnati 7. Boston 4, Philadelphia 5.

Monday—Pittsburg 3 Chicago 0. Boston 6 Philadelphia 0. Brooklyn 4, New York 3. Cleveland 1, Cincinnati 2.

Tuesday—Pittsburg 4, Chicago 7. Boston 6 Philadelphia 2. Brooklyn 10, New York 9

Wednesday—Chicago 16, Cincinnati 8, Cleveland 6, Pittsburg 4 New York 0, Philadelphia 2 Boston 11, Brooklyn 5.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost	Per cent.
Bostons	80	55	25	.688
St. Louis	83	54	29	.651
Baltimores	76	46	30	.605
Philadelphias	78	38	40	.487
Columbus	82	39	43	.476
Cincinnatis	81	35	46	.432
Louisvilles	86	29	57	.337
Washingtons	76	25	51	.329

Thursday—Philadelphia 6, Columbus 7. Boston 10, Louisville 5. Washington 2, Cincinnati 3. Baltimore 3 St. Louis 1.

Friday—Boston 9 Louisville 2 Baltimore 9, Columbus 6. Washington 2, Cincinnati 1.

Saturday—Boston 9, Louisville 6. St. Louis 2 Baltimore 14 Louisville 5.

Monday—Washington 2, Cincinnati 5. Baltimore 1, St. Louis 3 Boston 6, Louisville 5 Philadelphia 4, Columbus 13.

Tuesday—Washington 4, Boston 6. Philadelphia 5, Baltimore 5.

Wednesday—Washington 0, Boston 11. Philadelphia 9, Baltimore 11. Cincinnati 2, St. Louis 10. Columbus 4, Louisville 0.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Whitings	10	7	3	.700
Garden Citys	11	7	4	.636
West Ends	10	5	5	.500
Rivals	10	5	5	.500
Brands	10	4	6	.400
Franklins	11	3	8	.273

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Whitings 7, West Ends 3. Garden Citys 13, Franklins 8. Rivals 5, Brands 4.

Gaelic Athletics in Ireland.

The Kerry football championships have been decided, and the victory rests with Ballymacelligott which defeated Keel at Tralee after a tough match, the play being far more exciting than the scoring would lead one to expect. Ballymacelligott scored 1 goal and 8 points to 1 point scored by Kiel.

The Waterford championship matches are also drawing to a conclusion. An immense number of spectators assembled at Dungarvan to witness a match between the Ballinameela and Killrossenty men. The play was of an exciting and interesting character throughout, and terminated in a victory for Killrossenty by a goal and two points to nil. The victors will now meet Kinsalesbeg, and the winners of that match will play the Dungarvan footballers for the county medals. Dungarvan defeated Tallow at Lismore.

In Dublin the Young Irelanders were defeated at hurling by the Eblanas, and the Fontenoys defeated the St. Catherines.

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind.

Thirty tenants on the estate of Catherine Boyle Synge, in the county Longford, have bought their farms under the Land Purchase Act for £5,929.

A NIGHT OF ERRORS.

Miss Banim Describes the Country Around the Hospitable Mansion in Which Goldsmith Conceived "She Stoops to Conquer."

The Old House Itself Still in a Good State of Repair, and Owned by the Original Family.

FROM BALLYMAHON

to the little hamlet of Legan there are six delightful miles of country, though I think a tired horse would count them twelve, from the marvelous way the road turns and twists; you are always just turning a corner with another corner in view. But what pretty turns and windings! Glimpses of cottages, each one so neat and pretty that one mentally decides upon it as the very place for summer lodgings; glimpses of a rich and well-cultivated country; glimpses of snug farm houses, where the only thing that could hurt the eye is the now too frequent use of that hideous modern roofing for out-houses—the ghastly zinc covering that looks only fit to root in what the Northerners call "the Cold House"—the Poorhouse. It is dear at any price, it so disfigures a comfortable farmstead. There is nothing that so harmonizes with rural surroundings as a neat thatch; "there's one of the things we find fault with in the machines," says the old farmer, "the threshing machine beats the straw to briss (an Irish term which signifies to break—broken small), and we can't get good straw fit for thatching for love or money." But they can, and do get flowers all around here, and cottages, gardens, lanes, road-sides are full of them; nothing can exceed the fragrance of the air. It is as if all the honey hives in the land had given out their sweets, for a feature of the whole neighborhood for many miles is the

IMMENSE QUANTITY OF PRIVET;

privet hedges eight and nine feet high, and one mass of the white honey-scented blossoms, through which now and then a rich cluster of pink woodbine throws its graceful bloom, or a gap shows a brilliant patch of poppies that look almost tropical against the snowy privet which the children gather on their way to school, repeating, as they go, a catch rhyme about it which must be rapidly done over seven times—a feat I could not accomplish, not having been reared among these lovely hedges. Behind them the brooks, green fields, waving corn—the men and women grouped at work, then straightening themselves up from labor as the musical dinner-call is heard across the fields, sounded by the young girl who stands in the house doorway, and so proclaims an hour of rest for all, including the young collie that was as busy as any, and now comes barking and circling around the farmer and his boys. Certainly no dog can look so happy as a young collie—every muscle of him laughs over his own capers.

Here is the little bridge across a stream where a horse is very apt to shy; and no wonder, for beside the bridge is to this day the very stone the devil knocked his hoof against in his flight from Ardagh, where he thought to frighten St. Patrick, and did in fact stay his hand in the building of the church, by making a red haired woman cross the Saint's path just as he was laying the last stone on the walls.

A little farther on is Legan—a spot I shall never see in memory without thinking of Irish hospitality to strangers, and of pink moss roses. Never did I see those lovely flowers grow in greater profusion than in this charming hamlet, where the trees also reach a beauty of size and form noticeable in many districts around, where the demesnes have been for many generations in the same families; therefore the timber has had

CONTINUED FOSTERING CARE,

as well as the natural properties of soil and climate to aid its growth, and it shows to what perfection forest trees could be brought in this country with proper management. I have rarely seen anything to exceed the luxuriance of the trees here—at Ardagh, at Edgworthstown, and some other places which enjoy like advantages.

From Legan, on the borders of Longford, we see some places of note in Westmeath—the moat of Rathconrath, by which King William's army marched from Mullingar to the siege of Athlone. To southeast, about ten miles, is the Hill of Uisnagh, famed in ancient history as the hill upon which the first Druid fires were lighted in Erinn. There is a legend in old Irish writings which gives the origin of the names of Meath and of this Hill Uisnech. The legend is that "Midhe, the son of Brath son of Detha was the first that lighted a fire for the sons of Milesius in Erinn, on the Hill of Uisnech in West meath, and it continued to burn for seven years; and it was from this fire that every chief fire in Erinn used to be lighted. And his successor was entitled to a sack of corn and a pig from every house in Erinn every year. The Druids of Erinn, however, said that it was an insult to them to have this fire ignited in the country, and all the Druids of Erinn came into one house to take council; but Midhe had all their tongues cut out, and buried the tongues in the earth of Uisnech, and then sat over them, upon which his mother exclaimed: It is "Uisnech" (i. e. proudly) you sit up there this night—and hence the names of Uisnech and of Midhe or Meath."

But were I to tell all the stories connected with hill and plain around here we should never come to modern times, and the poet with whom this ramble is concerned, so I will not be tempted from the high road from Legan to Ardagh, even though there is a lane, just by the parsonage, which leads into an

OLD CATHOLIC CEMETERY,

where a sister of St. Patrick's is said to have founded a church, and where the shape of a church and indications of its walls can be distinctly traced among the tombs that thickly stud the grass. The way lies northward from Legan, between those sweet-scented hedges and by the pleasant, swelling plain, so verdant and so famed for the rich pastures, dear to the graziers who love to see bullocks numerous rather than human beings. Everywhere a delightful country, made for the comfort and happiness of man, and wherever man has been allowed to remain. I must say that in these parts there seem to be few who are not well enough off to keep their homes as comfortable and well-cared as one need wish to see.

After a drive of about four miles, a long stretch of road is reached, and on ahead a tall clock tower looks most imposing among the luxurious trees, and this tower indicates that we are close to Ardagh, of great and holy fame. Before the village is reached the entrance gates of a demesne attract attention, and for this demesne and its old manor house we are bound, for it is no other than the scene of Goldsmith's comedy, "The Mistakes of a Night," or, "She Stoops to Conquer." Very handsome wide entrance gates lead into the grounds of Ardagh Manor, an old-fashioned country mansion of the substantial, roomy build that was in vogue in the days when hospitality meant hospitality; a handsome, home-like and well-appointed house, whose spacious rooms bespoke comfort rather than the glitter of show off; where the welcome was courtly at the same time that it was cordial, and where good cheer and good company were to be had all the year round. In the midst of magnificent trees stands the old house, very little altered since the night when the jovial squire, Featherstone, scenting and enjoying a joke, received young Oliver Goldsmith on the wide steps outside the spacious hall. It is scarcely necessary to tell a visitor that the only alteration in the house since that time—about 1751-52—was an addition to one wing; everything shows that the mansion, within and without, has simply been kept up in its good old style, not changed to suit any modern fashions. It still belongs to the same family, the late owner, Sir George Feather-tone, having been succeeded by his heir, the Rev. Mr Featherston-, who occupies a rectorship in England, and only comes with his family occasionally to Ardagh manor.

The story told of Goldsmith's adventure here is that at one time he set out upon some of his abortive travels, a few guineas and a horse for his fortune. Taking a wrong turn on his road he found himself by nightfall at Ardagh, where, meeting someone from the village, he asked the way to "the best house of entertainment in the place." Now, there was no doubt but the "best house of entertainment" was

THE SQUIRE'S MANSION,

so the person questioned, being a wag, directed the simple-looking youth to the Manor House. Goldsmith rang, gave his mount to the groom, and, with the air of one having every right to command, called for the host. The manner of the visitor and some chance word gave a clue to the mistake, and the squire, with the love of a joke strong in his heart, humored the notion on the instant, assumed the role of host of an inn—the story goes—caused his daughter to dress as an attendant and act her part also. Of course, Goldsmith, in his comedy, changes and adds and invents incidents to suit stage effects and the tastes of a not over refined public, but that the occurrence actually took place here at Ardagh Manor there seems to be no doubt, for even in the household the story is related and believed in. There is yet another and a not improbable reading of the comical adventure. Ardagh is but eight miles from Ballymahon, a few more from Lissoy; Goldsmith's father and brother were most probably known, at least by name and reputation, to Squire Featherstone, and he very likely knew well who the boyish young fellow was, and enjoyed playing a practical joke upon him; while Goldsmith, on his side, was more than likely to know where he was, who his entertainers were, and to pretend ignorance once the notion of carrying out such a freak was suggested to his light hearted fancy by the chance jest of the village wag.

In telling of this adventure Mr. Forster says that in those days there was little difference between an Irish country house and a wayside inn—things were, on the whole, better with the Irish country gentlemen in the last century than at the present day; the mansion in question is almost as it was more than a century ago, and never, in any country, were village inns and their surroundings represented by wide ornamental entrance gates, a finely planted and cultivated demesne, and a handsome private residence such, too, as the young traveler (who by the way, had been reared in a pretty little mansion himself), would have constantly seen around his own Lissoy, at Edgeworthstown, and in the magnificent residence of the Hotsons into whose family Goldsmith's sister had married. The youth was gentle and simple of manner—the latter, I take it, the surest sign of his great genius—but he never showed himself a simpleton; it is most likely that the idea presented to the village joker by the chance words "the best house of entertainment in the place," was seized upon and secretly enjoyed by Goldsmith who adopted and acted the part suggested by the answer to his inquiry; that the supposed mistake was enjoyed by Squire Featherstone, and so that it was a capital game of diamond cut diamond all round, the laugh remaining with the poet, who, years after, made his name as a writer of comedy famous by his "Mistakes of a Night."—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

A Model Railway.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R. operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER IV—(Continued)

APPEARANCE OF THE FRENCH.

Patrick Barrett's eyes were swimming with fierce emotion as he gazed towards the distant ships. His heart beat violently, and the arms he rested on the window sill to support himself as he looked forth thrilled and trembled in their every nerve.

"Welcome, deliverers!" he murmured; "welcome even at the eleventh hour!"

"Some good people in town have their suspicions about those vessels, but only their suspicions," said Kerrigan. 'Best for us, then, to keep quiet—to keep quiet and wait"

"I propose to sally forth and reconnoitre," said the Major. "You go your way, Neal, and keep a sharp eye about. It will be interesting to watch for the instinct of danger among the yeos; but at the same time beware of them."

"The yeos—och, to the *diaoul* with them!—their time is well nigh gone and ours is come," growled the rugged local organizer, quivering with excitement, as he departed.

"There goes a true type of discontented Irishman," remarked Bellew; "Neal would have been a kern or gallowglass in Queen Betty's time, a Tory in Cromwell's time, and a rapparee in King William's time, just as he is a bold United Man in this blessed reign of King George, like you and me, friend Pat—a plotting croppy, hating the loyal red like a bull or a turkey cock, and hankering after liberty, equality, and fraternity. Now for our survey."

It was a rather non productive one. The appearance of the ships had caused much attention and comment, but nothing intense or exciting. People went about their ordinary business as usual. The woman still hummed at her net-mending; the children played in the sunshine. It were hard to imagine that anything of a very extraordinary nature, momentous, terrifying, fraught with the fate of a nation, was about to disturb the placid monotony of Killala.

About 4 o'clock, however, a considerable crowd had assembled on the Steeple Hill, all gazing eagerly towards those mysterious sails, and uneasy rumor was at its height.

By this time the vessels had apparently stood across the inlet known as the Bay of Rathfran, and weathered the reef which divided it from that of Killala.

"Now, what the dickens can be keeping them?" exclaimed a yeoman anxiously; "they're gone nearly two hours. It looks queer, by the lord Harry."

"Keeping whom, friend?" inquired Barrett.

"The port collector, Mr. Ruttledge, and one of the bishop's sons. They went out to see what those ships were, but faith they're keeping the knowledge to themselves."

A clanking of scabbards was heard, and Capt. Kirkwood and two officers of Carabineers were seen approaching. The Captain carried a telescope, which on arriving at the vantage point, he handed to one of his companions.

"You both have been to the Cape of Good Hope," said he, "and, therefore, ought to be fair authorities. Unravel the mystery."

The officers' opinions as to what country the ships belonged to were awaited with interest; they were unable to give any; the suspense increased.

"Here, my tar," said the puzzled magistrate, handing the glass to an old seaman belonging to the town, "you have served under Howe and Rodney, and ought to know; here, tell me what those vessels are."

"They are French, sir," was the almost instantaneous reply of the veteran—a reply which came like a bombshell—"I know them by the cut and color of their sails."

The Captain, perplexed and dismayed, quitted the crowd. On his way down the incline he was accosted by Kerrigan.

"Musha, Misther Kirkwood, would you oblige me by tellin' me, as I see you have your spyglass, what country the vessels there beyond belong to—frigates they call them, I believe?"

"An, Neal," was the abrupt and suspicious answer, "you know as well as I do."

Barrett and the Major overheard the words and exchanged an appreciative smile. Quitting the eminence they sauntered towards the castle, or bishop's palace. On their way they passed the classical teacher, Tom O'Kearney, who uttered a laugh of exultation.

"The Mede is at the gate at last," he said as he briefly halted to salute them, "*Mane, thekel, phares*, is on the wall. Good evening, friends; I am off for Kilcummin, to give first greeting to our friends in blue."

At the castle gate stood a number of Protestant clergymen, prominent among whom was the bishop, the Right Rev. Joseph Stock—a native of Dublin, and the learned editor of Demosthenes.*

The prelate, although just from the 'Black North"—at the time of his appointment, a short time previously, he was master of the Enniskillen Free School—was a man of moderate ideas and shrewd judgment, and a lover of peace and quiet. Desirous—as the expressed taste of the time went—of the extinction of "Romanism," he strongly favored the idea that this end should be compassed, if at all, by mild persuasion rather than by persecution and intolerance. He, therefore, deprecated the spread of Orangeism in the diocese; that very day, in fact, he had been engaged on a written protest, to be used in his primary visitation charge to his clergy, against the first sentence of the oath by which Orangemen were united together, to wit, "I am not a Roman Catholic"—words which sounded in the bishop's ears, as he said, like those of the prophet, "Stand off, I am holier than thou"—a principle from which, in this case, he quite dissented.

He was also opposed to Orangeism on account of its atrocious origin, it having, as he remarked, "originated in the same Northern county (Armagh) which some years before had disgraced itself with an infamy new to Protestants, an actual expulsion of Roman Catholics from their homes."

Patrick Barret experienced a twinge of compunction as he noticed the anxiety depicted on the face of this worthy man—the pending disturbance seemed akin to that which afflicted the household of "the Vicar of Wakefield"; however, he appeased his mind with the reflection that on the national side, at all events, the struggle would be carried on on strict lines of religious toleration.

It was a female servant of the bishops, the wife of a Catholic in town, that had first brought, a few days previously, the alarming news to the castle—the French were coming to Killala, and something dreadful was going to happen—news which the startled ministers were now convinced, considering the apparition of the ships, had but too sure foundation.

"Better go and have our dinner," remarked the Major, with the sound judgment acquired in his campaigns; "we may find it hard to get it by and by, and excitement plays the deuce with an empty stomach."

Barrett acquiesced; but he could eat only very little. A nervous fever of expectancy possessed him; he was painfully restless.

"What means the delay? Will they never come?" he kept repeating.

"All in good time," was the usual reply, with irritating phlegm.

Again the pair were on the streets, questioning eagerly for news, and generally hovering about the castle, where they knew they would be the most likely to get it. It was now between seven and eight o'clock.

Hal something definite at last. Great commotion was visible among a crowd of fencibles and yeomen gathered in confusion at the castle gate. The two Carbineer officers already noticed mounted their steeds and galloped off towards Ballina.

The French had landed!†

What to do? was now the subject hurriedly discussed by the commanders of the local force.

"We'll fight," said Lieut. Sills, peremptorily deciding she matter.

"And I'll join you," promptly exclaimed one of the bishop's clerical guests—namely, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Ellison, of Castlebar, land agent to the Earl of Lucan. He had been formerly an officer in the British army, and his military instinct now asserted itself in the excitement.

"Heavens, Major, I must see this out; further suspense would kill me," ejaculated Barrett, as the intending defenders of the town, the reverend warrior included, advanced into the main street to encounter the advancing enemy. "Good bye; I'm off to see the fun."

"Very good; but take care of yourself."

Making his way through back streets and by lanes, where alarmed householders were hastily putting up the shutters of their windows, and affrighted mothers were dragging their children indoors, the young student gained the chief road by which the French might be expected to advance, and proceeded briskly along it.

One mile he went—nearly two—and yet no sign of an advancing force. Pastoral stillness, almost oppressive under the circumstances, brooded over the country; the menaced town lay mute behind him. The road he travelled was quite deserted and silent; even the foliage of Castlerea demesne, which bordered it, hung all unruffled by an evening zephyr, hung in expectation, as it seemed to the excited fancy of our explorer, who vainly strained his ears for the tramp of marching men.

It was still bright, but the redly glowing horizon gave token of approaching sunset.

At length, on approaching Palmerstown bridge, where the Cloonaghmore river flows into the narrow bay of Rathfran, nigh the ruins of the old Dominican abbey, he heard a faint cheer. It came from a small group of people, inhabitants of the neighboring village, assembled on the bridge; and on joining them he perceived the cause of their demonstration.

A column of blue clad soldiers, their bayonets twinkling in the ruddy light, was advancing on the Kilcummin road. A little in advance rode a stalwart, middle aged man, who wore a long, green coat and conical fur cap; and this individual, noticing the group on the bridge, reined in his steed, and accosted them with:

"*Go dia mor ta tu?*" (How do you do?)

Two officers rode up at the moment and exchanged a laugh with the cavalier in green, whom Barrett almost immediately saluted with a cry of surprised recognition.

"Hallo, Dufly!"

"What—Mr. Pat Barrett! Thunder of war, I didn't expect to meet an old acquaintance quite so soon. And how goes it in poor old Tyrawley, and particularly in the sweet parish of Backs? But first allow me to introduce you to those I'm sure you will regard as friends."

The ceremony of introduction was performed. The younger of the two officers, who bordered on thirty and had a defect, commonly called "pearl," in one eye, was Matthew Tone, brother of the celebrated Theobald Wolfe Tone, and a sincere and ardent republican—although his grave and reserved manners had made his brothers and sisters facetiously dub him "The Spectator." The other, towards whom Barrett conceived a sudden, an almost feminine instinct of repugnance, he knew not why, was General Sarazin, second in command of the French expedition.

Three hundred men, detached from the main column, now halted and piled arms on the green of Palmerstown, after which the forward march was resumed, our student walking in front beside the chasseur, with whom he maintained a brisk conversation, interesting on both sides.

The chasseur, Duffy, was a native of Backs (between the river Moy and Lough Conn), who some years previously had taken active part in a conflict—arising out of the vexatious levying of tithes—between the peasantry and the yeomen. In the fray, which was sanguinary, Duffy's brother was slain, and he himself ran a pitchfork through the neck of a yeoman named West. He fled to France, and joined the army there, fought in several pitched battles, and was now, as he proudly assured his former acquaintance, home again to strike another blow for the old country.

The sun had disappeared ere the blue column crossed the hill of Mullaghcairn (or Mullaghorn), passing by the grey old tomb of King Awley, where the ancient kings of North Connacht were inaugurated; and here the invaders got the first sight of their red-coated enemies, the yeomen and fencibles being drawn up on a commanding ridge, as if to defend the town, from which position they speedily disappeared on catching sight of the French.

Gen. Humbert now arrived on the scene and proceeded to dispose of his force for the assault.

"Catch them in their own trap, General!" cried Neal Kerrigan, who had long since made himself "at home" with the French; "a company or two sent across by the Acres will cut off their escape."

Accordingly a force, guided by the indefatigable Neal, was sent across the meadows in the direction indicated.

Some tirailleurs now took possession of the ridge, and Duffy, with wonderful intrepidity, galloped alone into the town to reconnoitre, and in a few moments had disappeared from the view of his comrades, who immediately heard a single shot, then a scattered volley, after which the green coat and tall cap of the bold chasseur was seen returning.

"Congratulate me, general," he said with a laugh; "I have been in twenty battles, but have never had the honor of receiving the whole fire of the enemy's line before!"

His account was brief. On entering the town he had overtaken a lagging yeoman—a young man, as it afterwards appeared, named Henry Rogers—who had presented his musket with the exclamation: "What do you want, you spy?" whereupon Duffy shot him through the head with a pistol, laying him a corpse in a doorway where he was standing. Immediately afterwards he had come in view of the military, who were drawn up on the declivity of the main street, the result being the confused volley, of which all the bullets had flown wide of their mark.

"*En avant!*" was the immediate order, and a company of grenadiers dashed into the town. In the main street they received an ill directed volley, which did no harm beyond slightly wounding their captain, who at once ordered a bayonet charge. Panic stricken at the approaching bear skins and the glitter of the threatening steel, the yeomen turned and fled, and the fencibles followed their example. The yeos, with Lieut. Sills and Dr. Ellison—who complained of having received a spent ball on the heel—took refuge in the castle; the fencibles, shut out, fled onward to Ballina. Capt. Kirkwood, designing to escape thither also, turned down by his own house to the strand, but was made prisoner.

The green chasseur arriving upon the scene, fired at and killed a second yeoman—a deed he regretted when he found his victim to be an elderly man, one Henry Smith, the local apothecary, whose gout had disabled him from keeping up with his comrades in their flight, they clanging to and locking the castle gate before he could reach it. Thus excluded, the unfortunate man fell dead in endeavoring to gain his own house, distant not a hundred yards.

Thus the affray ended, Killala being taken with the loss of two lives, and these on the side of the defenders.

Humbert immediately waited upon the bishop and desired him to be under no apprehension either as to himself or the inhabitants of the town, as nothing would be taken but what was for the support of the soldiers.

The General established his headquarters in the castle, which now presented a striking contrast to its late tranquil condition—French soldiers hauling in baggage; French sentinels on guard; in the dining room, where the dinner service was still on the table—although a considerate French officer had promptly collected the spoons and delivered them to the bishop's butler—a surgeon and his assistants dressing the leg wound the grenadier captain had received in the late skirmish; and in the parlor nineteen captured yeomen, and Lieut. Sills, also a prisoner.

Upstairs, on the lobby, there was a noisy gathering, which grew noisier as the night advanced. There, on seats around, were numerous Protestant inhabitants of Killala, driven to seek refuge there by vague apprehensions of danger. Some of them were downcast and miserable; others, who had brought in whisky to keep up their spirits, were gay, reckless, and boisterous.

Now and then on the night air rang the challenge of a French sentry, while away towards Ballina trained pickets were vigilantly on the alert.

At the "Wolf-dog" the scene of fraternization was great and cordial. One toast in particular was received with the utmost enthusiasm, not only by the United Irishmen, but by their newly formed acquaintances among the French officers:

"The Irish Republic.!"

* Dr. Stock's father was a hosier, who lived at No. 1 Dame street, Dublin, (nearly opposite Parliament street) in which house Hamilton, a celebrated miniature painter, resided in 1769.

† A peasant from Rathfran had rushed into the castle with the tidings that about three hundred of the invaders were rapidly advancing on Killala.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

Laoidh Mhaghnus Mhoir.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

"Tá Máchnus orraibh mar thriath,
Mac an Mheidhigh na sgiath ndearg.
Ardrigh Lochlann ceann na g-crioch,
Giolla nach mir fioch is fearg."

"Créad fá'r ghluais an bhuidhean bhorb,
Fá righ Lochlann na long m-breac?
Mar d' iarraigh cumoinn air Fhionn
Is ro-mhaith a d-toisg tair lear."

Do fhreagair Máchnus go borb
Ardrigh Lochlann na long m-breac,—
"Béara me a bhean ó Fhionn
D' aimhdheoin air tuinn, agus Bran."

"Bhéaraid an Fhiann combraic cruaidh
Dod' shiunsigh sul a d-tiubhraid Bran,
Is cuirfidh Fionn cath a ndiús
Sul fa d-tugaidh uaidh a bhean."

"Dar do láimh, a Fhearghuis fhéil,
As an bh-Fhéinn ge mór do theann,
Do bhéarad liom Bran 'sa rian,
Ne combrac dian tar a ceann."

"As do láimh ge mór do dhóigh,
As do shlógh ge mór do mhuinn,
An lion do thárlaig tar lear,
Ni bheara Bran uainn tar tuinn."

D'fhill Fearghus mo bhráthair féin,
Sa samhail le gréin a chruth,
Innsigheas na sgéala thall,
A lathair Fhinn nar thuill guth.

"Ardrigh Lochlann súd 'san traigh,
Cad é is fáth dhúinn a cheilt?
Ni ghéabhaidh gan bualadh iann,
No do bhean 's do chú 'na bhreith."

"Ní thiubhradh mise mo bhean
D'fhear go rachadh mé a g-cré,
'S ní thiubhradh mise Bran d'ais
Go ndeacha an bás um bhéal."

Do ráidh Mac Cumhail ré Goll
"Már mhór an gloun dhúinn bheith d-tocht,
Gan combrac dibhfeirgeach teann,
Thabhairt do Mhaghnus arm nocht?"

"Dar an láimh sin ort, a Fhinn,
O do chír mar taoim anocht,
Righ tonn-bharc na g-comhlann teann
Sgarfad a cheann ré n-a chorp."

Do ráidh Oscar go ro bhrigh,
"Coisgfiodsa righ Innse Torc,
'S clann an dá cómhairleach déag
Biodh mo mhuintir féin d' á g-ciaol."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

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Kill more people than is generally known. Particularly is this the case in instances where the constitution is delicate, and among our immigrant population seeking new homes in those portions of the West, and where malarial and typhoid fevers prevail at certain seasons of the year. The best preparative for a change of climate, or of diet and water which that change necessitates, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, a variable temperature, damp, and the debilitating effects of tropical heat, but is also the leading remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, bodily troubles specially apt to attack emigrants and visitors to regions near the equator, mariners and tourists. Whether used as a safeguard by sea voyagers, travelers by land, miners, or of agriculturists in newly populated districts, this fine specific has elicited the most favorable testimony.

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A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

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A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

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ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

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REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

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A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

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INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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Old World News Notes of General Interest.

MRS. MAYBRICK LOSES HER SUIT.

Her Last Hope of Freedom Is Gone and She Must Spend the Rest of Her Life in Prison—Sensational Scene in the British House of Commons—Harvest Prospects of the World—Russia and the Jews—The War in Chili.

LONDON, July 20.—Judgment was given Monday on the action brought in the case of Mrs. Maybrick against an insurance company to recover the sum of $10,000 insurance upon her husband's life. The court decided that Maybrick had murdered her husband and consequently she could not recover the amount for which his life was insured as his death was caused by the person for whose benefit the policy was taken.

Was Sentenced to Death.

Mrs. Maybrick, it will be recalled, is the American woman who, a few years ago, was arrested on the charge of poisoning her husband, who was a well known Liverpool cotton merchant. The trial developed many sensational features and resulted in the conviction of the accused. Mrs. Maybrick was sentenced to be hanged, but the matter was laid before the home secretary, who, after long deliberation, recommended the queen to commute her sentence to imprisonment for life. This suit was brought in the hope of proving that the arsenic found in the deceased Mr. Maybrick's stomach at the autopsy was the result of doses taken voluntarily by himself.

Must Continue in Prison.

Proof of this would have done away with the murder theory and would in all probability resulted in the woman's release. The decision of the court, however, makes it certain that she must continue in prison for the rest of her natural life. The unwillingness of Home Secretary Matthews to counsel the queen to commute the death sentence in the first place makes it a foregone conclusion that he will never advocate a further display of clemency, in spite of the popular opinion that Mrs. Maybrick is innocent of the crime of murder.

EXCITEMENT IN THE COMMONS.

A Man in the Strangers' Gallery Creats a Commotion.

LONDON, July 20.—The house of commons was Monday evening the scene of a sensational occurrence. In the midst of legislative proceedings a man who had been sitting in the strangers' gallery suddenly sprang to his feet with a yell. Great excitement arose when the excited individual was seen to be wildly flourishing a package of some kind which he held in his hands. Loudly muttering to himself the man violently dashed the bundle upon the floor of the house Constables immediately hurried into the gallery, and after ejecting the disturber took him into custody. When the bundle had been carefully picked up and cautiously examined it was found to contain nothing more deadly than a lot of papers referring to some grievance, real or fancied, of the person who had so promptly been shown to the outside of the parliament building.

The World's Harvest Prospects.

LONDON, July 20.—The Times summarizes the harvest prospects of the world as follows: In Russia there is a grave deficit, the peasantry are starving and there is small hope of relief. In India there is serious anxiety; a famine prevails over a considerable portion of the country. Madras, Rajputana and the Punjale are the worst sufferers. There is drouth in Bengal and the need of more rain is urgent. Bombay alone promises a good harvest. The American crop will be good in quality and amount; but with the failure of the Indian and Russian supplies it is of the utmost importance that the English crop shall not be short. Prospect of the whole is good. In the chief wheat countries—Essex, Norfolk and Suffolk—the crop is above the average and in other countries up to the average. The harvest will be late and prices will be high. There is, therefore, a good outlook for the English farmer to break the long series of disastrous years.

The War in Chili.

IQUIQUE, July 20.—A dispatch received here from Coquimbo states the insurgent fleet comprised of the Esmeralda, Cochrane, Amazones and the Aconcagua had arrived off Coquimbo bay on Saturday morning and that an attack on the town was hourly expected. The city has a population of about eight thousand, and the Balmacedist troops are making all preparations for a hot contest with the insurgents.

Russia's Treatment of the Jews.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 20.—The persecution of the Jews has been somewhat relaxed. The decree for the expulsion of Jewish artisans from this city has been indefinitely postponed, and renewed orders have been sent to the press to refrain from publishing articles likely to excite animosity against the Jews.

The Only Kelly Probably Disgusted.

NEW YORK, July 20.—A special to the World from Washington says: "After the Cincinnati Association club lost its third successive game at Boston, Kelly came into the coach and said to the boys: 'Andrews will have charge of you; follow his instructions.' Andrews thought he was guying, but Kelly said, 'No, that's on the level. You are in charge of the club indefinitely.' Then he left the coach and joined his family, who were waiting for him. Andrews says he doesn't know where Kelly is. Andrews has control of the club's affairs, pays the hotel bills, looks after the gate receipts and transportation, and also has charge of the players. Manager Bancroft is in New England on leave of absence.

Costly Fire at Lynn, Mass.

LYNN, July 20.—Fire Friday destroyed one brick block and half burned another at the corner of of Union and Mulbery streets, inflicting a loss on Currier & Co. and Dane & Warner, clothing, and John Carniff and H. F. Lego, shoe manufacturers, togetner with the owners of the buildings, of about $300,000; partly insured.

Shot by a Burglar.

CHICAGO, July 20.—Jacob Burgour was early Sunday morning shot and fatally wounded by a burglar who was attempting to rob his house. The burglar escaped.

CRUEL AND DASTARDLY MURDER.

Another Case Which Emphasizes the Need of a Good Warm Hades.

HANOVER, N. H., July 20—As Miss Christie Warden, accompanied by her mother, her sister Fannie and Louise Goodell, was returning on foot to their home, located one mile from the village at a late hour Friday night, Frank Almy, about 30 years of age, jumped into the road in front of them and seized Christie by the arm and said: "I want you." The mother and sister attempted to defend her. Almy fired at them but missed. They ran for assistance. Then Almy dragged his victim into the bushes from the road and shot her twice through the head, one shot tearing out her left eye. When help arrived the girl was dead and her body was stripped of nearly every article of clothing.

Searching for the Miscreant.

Almy has fled. Miss Warden was a beautiful and most estimable young woman about 25 years old, a graduate of the state normal schools and a popular teacher. Almy was a former employe of her father and his attention to Miss Christie had been repulsed. She was the daughter of Andrew Warden, a wealthy farmer and a leading citizen. It was midnight before the news reached the village. Sheriff Foster is sending out searching parties in all directions. Almy is about 5 ft. 10 in. tall, has a dark mustache and is of pleasing address and well educated. The father of the murdered girl offers a reward of $500 for the capture of the murderer. The town will undoubtedly offer an additional reward.

TENNESSEE MILITIA SURROUNDED.

Situation at the Scene of the Mining Troubles in That State.

NASHVILLE, July 20.—Reports received Friday night from Briceville, the scene of the trouble with the miners over the employment of convicts, are to the effect that the militia is camped in the valley and that the surrounding mountains swarm with armed strikers, and should a combined attack be made the soldiers would have no possible chance to escape annihilation. The commandant of the militia has telegraphed that reinforcements must be sent, and sent at once or the state will be put to the painful necessity of burying its gallant soldier boys. To withdraw the troops would countenance mob law and to allow them to remain places their lives in imminent peril.

Turners on Parade.

BROOKLYN, July 20.—The Turnverin of the Atlantic coast states continued its festivities here Monday. The ceremonies began with a monster parade through the streets, 10,000 men being in line and included, besides the Turners, some of the singing societies and Grand Army posts of New York and Brooklyn. At the reviewing stand on Bushwick avenue General Max Weber made an address to the paraders. The procession broke up at Ridgewood park and its members betook themselves to the business of the day. A large programme had been prepared, consisting of about thirty events, for which a great number of entries had been made.

Escaped from the Jail.

CINCINNATI, July 20.—Jim Anderson, the notorious burglar who was arrested with his pal, George Duncan, on Feb. 6 after a terrific battle with the police, escaped from the county jail Sunday night A dummy was found in Anderson's cot and a rope and two or three wire lockpicks were left in the cell. The prisoner evidently had the assistance of friends on the outside and the jail officials suspect he was aided in his flight by some one inside the walls. An investigation is in progress.

Fight Over the Sunday Law.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 20.—Drug stores and cigar stores were all doing business Sunday as usual. The law and order league had spotters out gathering evidence against the proprietors which will be used when they are arrested. If forced to pay a fine they will insist upon Founder Bradley paying a fine for hiring bath houses and suits at his bathing grounds, and also for permitting the owners of the Excelsior Springs to sell water at stands upon ground leased of him.

The Latest Western Indian Scare.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., July 20.—The reports published in regard to an alleged Navajo outbreak are false. These Indians are partially civilized and could not be induced to war with the whites under any circumstances. D. M. Riordan, who was formerly the Navajo agent, and is intimately acquainted with their habits, says that the reports are absolutely nonsensical, and that the Navajos were never more peaceful than at present.

Chinese Outrages on Foreigners.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20.—The steamer Belgic, which arrived from Hong Kong and Yokohama Friday, brings news that the ferment in the north of China is spreading. Two Englishmen, a missionary and a customs officer, were brutally murdered at Wusueh. The European ladies at the place barely escaped with their lives. The French church, orphanage and adjoining premises at Woosieh, near Soochow, have been destroyed.

The Twin Cities Neck and Neck.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 20.—The Dispatch, in speaking of the soon-to-be-issued new St. Paul directory, says there are in it 80,403 names, showing a population of nearly 200,000.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 20.—The Evening Journal says that the new directory of Minneapolis, which will be issued in a few days, "will indicate a population well up to 200,000."

A Justice of the Peace Arrested.

LANCASTER, Cala., July 20.—N. A. Morris, a justice of the peace, was arrested here Friday by officers from Los Angeles, charged with assault with intent to kill M. H. Crain. Judge Morris in arresting Rony Crain for horse stealing some three weeks ago was forced to shoot him before he would be taken. This, the judge thinks, is the cause of his arrest.

Second Mate Drowned.

BOSTON, July 20.—The schooner Ida L. Hull, Captain Hall, from Port Johnson, picked up the crew of the Olive Mount and brought them here. While the Hull was picking the men up the boat capsized and the second mate of the bark was drowned.

Fought in the War of 1812.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., July 20.—Alexander Grourly, a veteran of the war of 1812 and of the late war, died here at the national soldiers' home, aged 98 years. He enlisted in the late war at the age of 68 years.

MILITIA CAPITULATE.

The Coal Creek Strikers on Top at Present.

TENNESSEE SOLDIERS SURRENDER

And Are Sent Back to Knoxville in Box Cars—The Convicts Also Sent Off with the Soldiers—Citizens of Knoxville Meet the Troops at the Depot and Give Them a Hearty Reception—The Strikers' Act Condemned—Awaiting Events.

BRICEVILLE, Tenn., July 21.—The state militia was compelled to surrender at Briceville Monday by 1,500 striking miners, who drove them and the convicts employed in the places of the strikers into cars and sent to Knoxville. The camp of the militia was on a little knoll in a hollow, and surrounded on all sides by mountains. The miners and their friends to the number of 1,200 or 1,500 were divided into four equal squads and approached on the four sides of the square which the camp was formed in. The miners sent up a flag of truce and sent in a committee to the officers in command. The committee notified the officers that they had come to take the convicts peaceably if possible, by force if necessary. The officers parleyed awhile and then agreed to surrender. The troops were allowed to keep their arms and ammunition, and they, with the convicts, were marched to the train.

Soldiers Return to Knoxville.

They were loaded in box cars or whatever could be had and the entire lot sent to Knoxville, where they arrived about 4:30 o'clock, and, to the number of 107 all told, went to the armory of the Knoxville rifles, where they remain, awaiting the orders of the governor. The miners made them promise not to return to Coal Creek. The convicts were taken to the jail, locked up and fed. An immense crowd met the troops at the depot. They were freely cheered as they marched through the streets. The men had been on duty nearly five days in the rain, and had seen little in the way of provisions and little equipment. Their faces were bronzed, but they presented a soldierly appearance as they marched up the street. No violence toward the mine owners or any of their property has been attempted, but there may be bloodshed when the reinforcements arrive.

No Sympathy for the Miners.

The city is intensely excited. Leading men of all political parties say the law must be upheld. Sympathy, which had been entirely on the side of the miners, is now against them for their lawless act at a time when everything was being done to relieve the situation. The sentiment here is that Governor Buchanan must send all the state troops, who are few and poorly organized, to the front at once, and put experienced men and officers in charge. If he has not force enough he must call for volunteers. Another view of the situation is the danger to capital invested at Coal Creek. Large sums of money have been invested there by men in New York and other places, and the great development of the properties is largely due to this money. Costly machinery is exposed to the fury of the mob. Citizens say such highhanded outrages as that of Monday will destroy public confidence and money will cease to come in for developments now just started.

Awaiting the Turn of Affairs.

COAL CREEK, Tenn., July 21.—The mountains about Coal Creek are filled with miners and mountaineers armed with Winchesters. It is estimated that 3,000 are in the brush awaiting the turn of affairs. Tennessee's entire militia and some artillery from Georgia are expected upon special trains within the next six hours. Intense anxiety is felt as to the outcome of the trouble. Large quantities of ammunition and provisions have arrived at Knoxville for the troops. The stockade in the valley is deserted, but will be occupied soon by troops.

Call for Georgia Troops.

NASHVILLE, July 21.—A Coal Creek special to The Banner says: It is reported here that Governor Buchanan has called on the governor of Georgia for two companies of infantry and two cars of artillery with gatling guns. Sheriff Rutherford, of this county, who is charged with having called on the governor for troops in the first instance, is reported to have fled the country. Superintendent Goodwin, who had charge of the convicts, is also said to have left in hot haste. At all events neither is here, and their whereabouts is unknown.

No Call for Uncle Sam's Troops.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—The war department has received no official information from the authorities of Tennessee concerning the reported labor troubles in that state nor has any request for United States troops to suppress the miners been made. Should such a request be made it would be some time before the department could get troops to the scene of the trouble as there is no military post of any importance nearer than St. Louis.

BALL PLAYERS BADLY HURT.

Collins of the Brooklyn Team Will Probably Die.

BROOKLYN, July 21.—An accident occurred during the base ball game between the Brooklyn and New York National league teams Monday which will probably result in the death of "Hub" Collins, the well known second baseman of the Brooklyn team. He and Right Fielder Tom Burns, while running at full speed, collided, and both were rendered unconscious. Both men were frightfully cut about the face, and blood was spurting from Collins' mouth and ears. The result was concussion of the brain in both cases. Burns regained consciousness in an hour but at a late hour at night Collins was still unconscious.

Killed by a Cave-in.

ANNISTON, Ala., July 21.—At Pinelucky coal mines, thirty miles south of here, a shaft caved in, burying four miners under a mass of stones and dirt. When taken out Tom Roundtree, one of the miners, was dead, his body having been crushed to a jelly. T. R. Black, the fireman and two other miners were terribly bruised, and one of them will probably die.

Fanny Davenport's Mother Dead.

CANTON, Pa., July 21.—Mrs. Fanny Elizabeth Davenport, widow of the actor E. L. Davenport and mother of the well known Fannie Davenport, died at her cottage near here after an extended illness.

ILLINOIS ELECTION LAW.

It Is Tried for the First Time in the State at Old Berlin.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 21.—The first election under the new election law was held at Old Berlin, Sangamon county, Monday. It was an election for members of the board of village trustees. A good many politicians from Springfield went out to see how the new law worked. The voters as a rule were quite familiar with the law—more so than had been expected. The contest was over the question of "license" or "no license." The result was a tie for president of the board. The two candidates drew straws and M. B. Robertson, the anti-license candidate, was the winner.

Cast the First Vote.

But one voting booth was used, there being only about seventy-five voters in the town. Tom Booker had the honor of building the booth, and it was unanimously agreed that his father, "Uncle Mose" Booker, should cast the first vote. "Uncle Mose" is a Virginian, 88 years old, and was an Indian fighter fifty years ago. He is a Democrat and it is understood that his vote was cast for the anti-license candidate. The polls were closed at 5 o'clock and it took only about thirty minutes to count the votes. There were but two "defective" ballots in the box. Old Berlin is a historic town, having been founded by the father of ex-Governor Richard Yates in 1836.

FAMILY ANNIHILATED.

Terribly Tragedy Discovered at an Illinois Farmhouse.

FLORA, Ills., July 21.—Early Monday morning a dairyman discovered the farmhouse of H. P. James, two miles east of this city, to be burning. Neighbors who responded to the alarm found the bodies of James and his family in the blazing ruins. There were five inmates of the house, Mr. James, his wife and son, and a married daughter, Mrs. Chaney, and her babe. The bodies were recovered. The origin of the fire and the cause of the death of the inmates are yet a mystery. The coroner's jury is in session. It is generally believed that James in a fit of insanity murdered his family, fired the dwelling, and then committed suicide.

Will Have to Ask Canada.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—H. C. Moore, assistant adjutant general of the Massachusetts G. A. R., has informed the treasury department that many Grand Army posts will go to Detroit via Montreal and Niagara Falls. Some of the posts will carry muskets, and he inquired whether they will be obliged to secure permission from the Canadian authorities to carry the muskets through the Dominion of Canada. Assistant Secretary Spalding replied that he presumed such permission will be required, but referred Mr. Moore to the Canadian authorities for more definite information.

Took a Frightful Plunge.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., July 21.—John Burns, a Queenstown, Ont., fisherman, while intoxicated crawled out on the cables of the old suspension bridge which spans the Niagara river above Leadston and Queenstown and, poising himself, leaped to the river beneath, a distance of over 150 feet. He struck on his back, and those who saw the man from the shore thought he had been killed. The body floated for a few seconds and soon the hands of the man began to move. Some one went out in a boat and rescued him. Burns was apparently none the worse for the jump.

Alleged Battle in Chili.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—The Chilian minister here received a dispatch from Chili stating that a battle was fought a few days ago at Huasco between the insurgent troops and the vanguard of the first division of the government army under command of Colonel Almarza, in which the insurgents were completely defeated. The insurgent cavalry under command of Gaenetio Saavedea fled, leaving 200 dead, a great number of prisoners and all their arms.

Frightful Boiler Explosion.

SAGINAW, Mich., July 21.—The boiler in the planing and shingle mill of E. G. Perkins at Lake View, a village fifty miles west of this city, exploded, killing E. G. Perkins, Robert Gregory, and Eddie Gregory (the latter 3 years old), and injuring Charles Recher and three others. The mill was completely wrecked. Low water caused the explosion. Portions of the boiler were thrown 700 feet, cutting telephone wires and injuring several other buildings.

Shot While Playing Indian.

NEW YORK, July 21.—Herman Engelhardt, 17 years old, was shot and instantly killed by Frederick Steinhagen, a boy of the same age. The boys were employed in a pie bakery, and while business was slack they began playing Indians. Steinhagen had an old rifle and pointing it at Engelhardt, fired, the bullet passing through his heart. The boys were the best of friends, and the shooting was surely accidental. Steinhagen was arrested.

Busy Life Ended.

PHILADELPHIA, July 21.—Marcellus E. McDowell, head of the Durham Tobacco company, died at his country place, "Marcella," in Germantown, of Bright's disease. Mr. McDowell, who was 54 years of age, had been ill for two months. Mr. McDowell was a director in the Manufacturers' bank, Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad company, Atlantic City Water company, and other corporations.

American Artists Win Medals.

BERLIN, July 21.—The committee of the Berlin, exhibition of arts, Tuesday awarded the great gold medal to each of the American painters—Forbes, Stanhope, Shannon and MacEvenue—and the American architect, Waterhouse. The small gold medal was awarded to the American painters Stewart, Story, and Bridgmann, and the English artists, Pettie and Stone.

Carried Into the Sewer.

MARSHALL, Mo., July 21.—Just after a hard rain Eustace Schupp, who was playing on the sidewalk beside a rivulet which had been swollen to a small torrent, slipped and fell into the stream. In an instant he was whirled to a sewer opening near by and carried a long distance to the river. When the body was recovered life was entirely gone.

Reunion of Long-Lost Brothers.

DAVENPORT, Ia., July 21.—For thirty-five years Frank McSteen, a policeman of Louisville, and John McSteen, a cigar dealer of Davenport, brothers, have mourned each other as dead. An accident made them acquainted with the truth a few days ago, and a reunion is to take place here soon.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

At a colored dance at Cahokia, Ills., Catherine Brooks threw herself on the breast of a man at whom a revolver was aimed by another man who was quarreling with him and was mortally wounded by the bullet.

Miss Ritta Warner, the Keosauqua, Ia., girl who was assaulted by Albert Parnitzka and whose brother was murdered while defending her, is insane over her brother's death. The father and wife of the murdered man are also said to be in a critical condition.

It is claimed that a 4-year-old boy in Forsyth county, Ga., can read any piece of music at sight.

A Texas cattleman says the outlook at present is that the supply of cattle from that state will fall short 1,000,000 head as compared with the number last year.

A Michigan grocer has a mouse that catches flies. He keeps it in his show window, where it does better work than a square yard of ordinary fly paper.

At Taos, Mo., Joseph Frank shot and killed a teacher in a Catholic school named Frank Bacleman and then killed himself to prevent being mobbed.

Minister Fred Douglass has a handsome home in Anacostia, a pretty suburb of Washington, and he says he would much rather live there than in Hayti.

There are now four female physicians resident in New York state hospitals for the insane.

Mollie Brooks and Katie Higgins were drowned at Cedarvale, Kan. Wilson Brooks who was driving them across a stream was rescued.

Mrs. William Waldorf Astor is one of the finest mandolin players in New York's 400.

Robert Ellis, colored, 16 years of age, was shot and killed at Topeka, Kan., by Walter Scott, another colored boy, while leaving a church where he attended a social.

The creditors of the Worcester, Mass., steel works have consented to accept a compromise, and the works will soon be running again. The indebtedness is about $1,200,000.

A woman's book has just been crowned by the French Academy, and has, moreover, received the Prix Montyon of $300. This is Mdlle. de Bury's history of Anne Boleyn.

Jackson T. Case, mayor of Racine, Wis., may be impeached for refusing to enforce the Sunday laws.

W. C. France & Son, of Lexington, Ky., have sold the yearling bay colt by Red Wiles, dam by Nutwood, second dam by Harold, to E. X. Larabee of Deer Lodge, Mont., for $35,000.

At Racine, Wis., the carriage manufactory and livery stables of A. McEvoy were seized ay the sheriff on chattel mortgages. Assets, $20,000; liabilities, $13,000 to $16,000.

Will Hanlon, a trapeze performer in Forepaugh's circus, fell during the exhibition at Clinton, Ia., and was almost instantly killed.

The Omaha base ball team of the Western association has been disbanded owing to financial difficulties.

Lieutenant William H. Bertsch, of Holland, Mich., a recent graduate of West Point, has received his assignment of the war department, and will join the Fifteenth regiment, stationed at Fort Sheridan.

Mrs. Hans J. Rieck of Davenport, Ia., aged 71 years, became insane from the grip and drowned herself in a well.

The body of an unknown infant, 3 or 4 days old, was found floating in the Sangamon river at Decatur, Ills. It is undoubtedly a case of murder.

According to the estimate of the New York Produce exchange the visible supply of wheat Saturday was 11,865,887 bushels, a decrease of 777,714 bushels, and of corn 3,964,867 bushels, a decrease of 55,324 bushels.

Two negroes, James Diggs and James Bones, living in Liberty, Mo., were taken out Saturday night and severely horsewhipped by a band of masked regulators on the charge of stealing. Neither was severely hurt.

The Rome Riforma states that Cardinal Parrochi, president of the Congregation de Visite Apostolique, has been dismissed from that office and his other positions, owing to the pope's having received proof that the cardinal took an enormous bribe for procuring the annullment of the marriage of a certain high personage at Toulouse.

The Association of American Watch Manufacturers has been dissolved on account of the withdrawal of the Elgin Watch company, which was restricted from longer continuing in the association by the Illinois anti-trust law.

A madman fired a shot at President Carnot in Paris, but the bullet sped wide of its mark. The affair created much excitement.

Directors of the Central Pacific Railroad company have declared a dividend of $1 per share, payable Aug. 1.

A rich body of ore has been struck in the Argonauts' tunnel on Grand Encampment, Wyo.

Mary Hill of Philadelphia threw her infant into Crum Creek near Chester, Pa. Boys who were bathing rescued the baby and prevented the young woman from drowning herself.

The big Leary raft of logs, four-fifths of a mile long, containing 3,500,000 feet of lumber, and which left St. John, N. B., June 28, has arrived at New York.

The proposed race between Reilly and Longstreet has been declared off. Longstreet's answer insisted on fine weather.

The destitution among the lower classes of Germany is becoming intense. Potatoes now cost 6 marks a bushel, bread is growing dearer, every branch of commerce is suffering, and many failures are announced.

A marriage will take place between the Earl of Dudley and Miss Rachel Gurney. The bride-elect is a cousin of the Duchess of Bedford. Lord Dudley is 24 years old and wealthy.

The most expensive street car in the world is owned by the Troy Electrical Railway Car company of Cleveland. It cost $10,000.

Godfried Walther, a farmer living near Phillips, Wis., was buried in a well forty feet deep by the caving in of earth from the sides.

Three daughters of Harmon Calkins of Trowbridge, Mich., were badly injured in a runaway accident. The youngest is fatally hurt.

John Peck, an Austrian laborer, was assaulted by a couple of toughs in Minneapolis and had his skull fractured. His recovery is doubtful.

The Presbyterian college at Fort Dodge, Ia., has been abandoned, the charter being transferred to a new institution at Storm Lake, Ia. The citizens of Storm Lake have donated $25,000 to the new school.

An express mail train was derailed near Najac, a small town in the department of Aveyron, France. Twelve carriages were overturned and many persons were injured.

Deputy Sheriff O. J. Carney shot an unknown man at Anthon, Ia. The man was violently insane and when the sheriff attempted to arrest him he attacked the officer with a poker.

John Dillon says that he will not take an active part in politics upon his release from jail. He intimates that he would resume the leadership of the party if he could obtain its entire support.

Professor A. E. Foote of Philadelphia, who had the largest display of mineral at the Centennial exposition, means to send to the World's fair the finest collection ever shown.

G. H. Pinkey of Forrest, Ills., Thursday discovered a strange insect in the act of boring into a maple tree. It has a boring apparatus six inches in length, body and wings, blue-black, and head a bright yellow.

A movement is on foot among New York city colored people to raise $75,000 or $100,000 for a colored soldiers' monument. National co-operation will be solicited.

The body of a young man was found floating in Gladstone, Mich., harbor. From letters found addressed to Rapid River, Mich., it is supposed to be the body of W. H. Fairfield of Sullivan, Muskegon county, Mich.

The attempt of Globe and Justina to beat the team record of 2:13 for a purse of $2,000 at Homewood park, was a failure, the best time being 2:21¼.

The Ashland, Wis., Sabbath association is making a great effort to suppress Sunday ball playing. A union meeting of all the churches will be held Sunday evening to discuss manner of procedure.

Richard Guenther, United States consul general to Mexico, has left the City of Mexico for his home at Oshkosh, Wis., to be absent until October.

In an interview at Wheeling Thursday, Major William McKinley said he would open the campaign in Ohio at Woodsdale, about the middle of August, and average one speech a day thereafter until election

Appraisers of the estate of the late Senator Hearst of California, report to the probate court of San Francisco that the estimated value of the estate is $8,788,137, of which mining stocks represent $5,911,695.

At Marine City, Mich., Albert Ashley, aged 17, quarreled with an employe of Heath's livery stable named Dreant, and stabbed him in the breast with a screwdriver. Dreant died and Ashley was placed under arrest.

Mrs. Samuel Mather, of Cleveland, has given $45,000 to the Woman's College of Western Reserve University at Cleveland.

Burglars secured $500 in plunder from Dunkle's drug store and Gregg's furniture store at Gilman, Iowa.

The New York city directory for 1891 has made its appearance, and contains 379,974 names. This is an increase over last year.

President Harrison and party will be the guests of W. J. Arkell at Mount McGregor, N. Y., during the week beginning Aug. 18.

Theodore and Thomas Patton were arrested in Pemiscot County, Mo., for conducting illicit distilleries.

By the running away of a team at Plainfield, Ill., Mrs. Harvey Shelton was killed and Charles Countryman badly injured.

The Princess von Bismarck is in such feeble health that she is unable to walk and has to be carried to and from her carriage.

The statistics for 1890 for the Pasteur institute show that 1,546 patients were treated. The record for the past five years shows only .06 per cent. of deaths.

A heavy hailstorm near Fort Collins, Colo., has greatly damaged grain over a tract twenty miles long by three mide.

The body of Mrs. William Birder was found in a clump of brush about a mile from Long Prairie, Minn., and forty rods from her home. From appearances she was murdered and had been dead several days. Suspicion points to her husband, and he is in custody.

Advices from Brazil say that yellow fever prevails in Santos and Rio, and that numerous bodies of pauper immigrants are parading the streets begging of bread.

The Prince of Wales' yacht, the Aline, is fitting out at Cowes in order that she may be ready for the squadron regattas, and she is to be sailed for the queen's cup against the German emperor's recently purchased racing cutter, the Meteor (late Thistle), with which it is to be feared she will stand but a poor chance. Prince George of Wales is to sail the Aline.

Miss Sallie Hargous, one of New York's daintiest belles, weds Mr. Duncan Elliot at Newport, Sept. 15. The affair is to be as quiet as it can be made.

A young woman named Adele Schaeffer recently drowned herself in the Spree, and was buried in the churchyard of the Charity hospital. Sunday morning her lover, Ferdinand Steinhoff, was found stretched dead upon the grave, having shot himself through the heart with a revolver.

Senator and Mrs. Stanford, in order to form an art collection for their new university in California, propose to have copies made of all the masterpieces of Europe. The king of Italy, the czar and the king of Belgium have consented to the project.

Francis Machamer was struck on the head with a stone thrown by L. E. Andrew at Clinton, O., and died in great agony.

Mrs. John Kohen of Shannon, Ills., is in jail on a charge of bigamy preferred by her husband.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JULY 25, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The County Fair."

MCVICKER'S THEATRE.

Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"The Soudan."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Charles Frohman's Comedians.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.

Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Paulton Opera Co. in "The Sheik."

AMPHITHEATRE.

Cottage Grove avenue and Sixty-first street.—Pain's great spectacle, "A Night in Pekin"; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.

Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.

Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"CATHOLIC," City—THE CITIZEN makes it a rule never to interfere in matters of ecclesiastical discipline. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the higher authorities are right, and act in the best interests of religion. Laymen had much better not intermeddle in such matters. When prelates or priests take part in secular affairs, they put themselves on equality with the laity. Within their spiritual jurisdiction they are supreme. THE CITIZEN has the utmost confidence in the justice and good judgment of the most reverend archbishop.

"YANKEE," City.—The Catholic religion makes people spiritual, but not superstitious. All, or nearly all, unlettered people are more or less superstitious, whether they are Protestant or Catholic. Scotland, Ireland, Germany and France all have their superstitions. Romantic and idealistic people all love the supernatural.

"FARMER," Lee County, Ill.—The word "peasant," which means a countryman or a rustic laborer, is derived from the French word *pays* and primarily the Latin word *pagus*, meaning country or district. It cannot be considered an American term in any sense. America has farmers, but no peasantry. In Ireland, peasant is considered a term of contempt, and is used mostly by snobs and fools in speaking of the farming masses.

"BRIAN," Cincinnati, O.—"Consistency" is a word often misapplied. Change of opinion is often the token of a liberal and progressive mind. You cannot expect a grown man to amuse himself at playing marbles and leapfrog as when he was a boy. A man would be a great ass to refuse to advance with the times, simply from fear of being called inconsistent. A great many of our people are afflicted with this kind of moral timidity.

"COLONEL," Detroit, Mich.—Your letter is very logical, but we must agree to disagree with you. Controversy would do no good. We send you fraternal greeting.

"C," Grand Rapids, Mich.—There is such a thing as being too wise. Our opinions are our own, and we have no need, or desire, to apologize to anybody for them. The cobbler should always stick to his last.

We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

ARCHBISHOP CROKE VS "THE CITIZEN."

His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, is wroth with THE CITIZEN. Dr. Croke conceives that we have injured him, and here is his letter on the subject:

THE PALACE, THURLES, July 12.—*Editor of the Chicago Citizen—Dear Sir:* I know you to be a Tipperary man, and I believe you to be, on other grounds, a brave and honorable man. You have been always spoken of to me as such. Even within the last couple of days, certain Chicago priests who were paying me a friendly visit referred to you in terms of warm commendation. I am sorry, then, and surprised, to see that you have held me up to ridicule and reproach, and shamefully misrepresented me, in THE CITIZEN of June 20. You do this apropos of a speech which you say I delivered in the village of Golden during my recent visitation tour. I send you herewith *the* speech, which I really *did* deliver, on the occasion referred to, and I vouch for even its verbal accuracy. It will satisfy you, I am quite sure, that I am not the West Britisher that you represent me to be. Please publish enclosed; make sure of your ground before you attack me in future; and believe me to be your faithful servant,

✠T. W. CROKE,
Archbishop of Cashel.

John F. Finerty, Esq.

THE CITIZEN is glad that his Grace of Cashel so warmly repudiates the stigma of West Britishism. But why should he say that we said he delivered the speech he complains about in the village of Golden? We said nothing of the kind. We printed the synopsis of the speech, alleged to have been delivered by his Grace in the village of Golden, in THE CITIZEN of June 20, 1891. Our attention was called to it by an Irish member of parliament, and we were astonished at the tone of the alleged utterance of the archbishop. For fear there might be any mistake about it, we reproduce the passage which the archbishop repudiates. It is as follows:

"We copy from a recent number of the Dublin *Freeman* the words of his Grace: 'The Most Rev. Dr. Croke continued his tour of visitation on Saturday, when he left Cashel in company with a number of local clergymen for Golden, a little town about six miles distant. A large number of parishioners, on cars, with the parish priest and curate of Golden, met his Grace on the road and accompanied him back to the village, where an address of welcome was presented. His Grace thanked the people for their hearty reception, which, he said, exceeded his expectations. He alluded to the freedom that exists *under the British flag, which, he said, was freer than that which existed in the United States. England was free because she acknowledged no superior and did not pay tribute to any other race on earth.* As far as he could he had done his share in trying to work out the freedom of Ireland.'"

Now, if anyone has done his Grace an injustice it is not the editor of THE CITIZEN, but the person who made the report in the *Freeman*. Did Archbishop Croke, in any place, or at any time, glorify the British flag or constitution? That is the question. There must have been some foundation for the report, which may have escaped his Grace's memory; for, surely, nobody would be so audacious as to make such a charge unless it rested on something better than imagination. As regards the Golden meeting, we, of course, accept the archbishop's explanation, and congratulate him on pleading "not guilty" to the charge of glorifying the British flag. THE CITIZEN is immensely relieved at finding, at least, one Irish prelate who considers it discreditable to be classed as a eulogizer and supporter of that abominable symbol.

THE CITIZEN had no intention whatever of holding up the Archbishop of Cashel to "ridicule and reproach." It merely commented on an alleged public utterance of his Grace—published in an Irish contemporary—which it had a perfect right to do; and which it would do again, if necessary.

In respect to the nativity of the editor of THE CITIZEN, we beg leave to say that his Grace is slightly mistaken. We lived in Tipperary for several years previous to our departure from Ireland, but were born in Galway. All parts of Ireland are the same to us, but we confess to a very natural filial affection for the gallant counties of our childhood and boyhood. Galway and Tipperary join hands across the Shannon, and have always joined hearts for Ireland. May they and their sister counties be prosperous and happy in the future, as they have been persecuted and plundered in the past!

Following is Dr. Croke's Golden speech, which he requests us to publish:

His grace, the archbishop, who was received with loud and prolonged cheering, said:

My dear friends, I accept your address with much pleasure. It was thought by some that, for a reason which I need not specify, I would not consent to receive any mark of respect, or be in favor of a demonstration here. But those who predicted such a thing knew very little of me. All my people are first of all Catholics in my sight, and politicians afterwards; and, however I may regret the course, in this latter respect, that some of them have taken, I have not separated myself from them on that account, and never shall (applause). We have plenty in common to speak about, and, such being the case, there is no reason why I should introduce any irritating topic into the few words that I desire to say in reply to your dutiful address (hear, hear). This little town and its immediate surroundings do not at all correspond with its name. There does not appear to be much of gold, though I trust there is a fair share of comfort here. But, in olden times, it must have been a flourishing locality. The sight cannot be surpassed, and if we had our rights, if we possessed the privilege of making our own laws, and of managing our own affairs, there can be but little doubt that Golden would rise again as from its ashes, and become in reality what it is already in name. There is but one cure for all the ill that we complain of, and that cure is Home Rule (loud applause). Whatever then, or whoever comes to cross our path in our onward march towards that goal, must be brushed aside, and treated, not precisely as an enemy, for good Christians bear enmity to nobody, but as, possibly, well meaning, but certainly inconvenient and mischief making friends (applause). Let that be the measure, in so far, of our political creed. And, my dear friends, is it not clear that Home Rule would, most necessarily, bring with it great national development and prosperity? The owner in fee of the soil he tills will care for it all the better, and make it the more productive, when he reflects and feels that the crop it yields will be exclusively his own, and similarly, the nation that enjoys the blessings of freedom, the very essence of which is the right of making its own laws, cannot fail to flourish and be fruitful when its destinies are guided by its own sons, rather than by greedy and unsympathetic strangers. But, besides being comfortable at home, we should have ambition to be respected abroad; and a country that is tied to the chariot wheels of another is held in no account, and is not improperly called a province or dependency, and not a self regulating and independent state. Apart altogether from the consideration to which I have just referred, it has always occurred to me, and been a most agreeable conviction of mine, that, when we have our parliament in College Green, which, sooner or later we are sure to have, our exiled friends and kindred in America and elsewhere, whose eyes are constantly turned with longing toward this Isle of the West, will come in shoals across the waters to settle down with all their household gods about them in their native land (applause). The Celts, said the *Times* forty years ago, are going with a vengeance. Perhaps the day is not far distant when they may return with a vengeance also (applause). God grant it. God grant too that if He so wills it we may be here to witness the dawn at least of that long wished for day (applause). Bear in mind, however, that nobody can reasonably hope to participate in the happiness of Home Rule but those who not only have desired but labored in their own way to secure it. Let that be your resolve here today and the fruit of this pleasing demonstration (loud and prolonged applause).

PARNELL'S FUTURE COURSE

Mr. Parnell, even in the hour of misfortune, presents a bold and unshaken front. The odds seem to be against him at present, but still he bears up bravely against the storm. It is again telegraphed from Ireland that he will be a visitor to America in the fall. May THE CITIZEN, as a friend which has stood with him under fire since last November, make a suggestion? It is this: *Let Mr. Parnell come here alone.* He must not, if he would serve the cause which he has at heart, further offend the peculiar social and religious susceptibilities of his own people. THE CITIZEN does not desire to be harsh or offensive in the slightest degree. Let bygones be bygones. Atonement, in as far as possible, has been made by Mr. Parnell, for a human error. Let the atonement abide, but let not the cause of the atonement be made a further weapon in the hands of Ireland's foes, here or on the native heath. Mr. Parnell will be welcome, but, if he would succeed, he must come unencumbered. There is no necessity to speak more plainly, but, for the sake of success, it is necessary to say this much. The Irish cause must not be made a means of social vindication. With this frank hint, THE CITIZEN bids farewell to a very disagreeable branch of the Irish subject.

Following is the full text of Mr. Parnell's speech after the defeat at Carlow:

"Fellow countrymen, I do not like to leave Carlow without endeavoring to tell you how grateful I feel to the many sterling men of this county who have helped us with a courage and a devotion never equaled to fight an uphill battle—a battle which was uphill from the commencement (cheers). This contest tells the same tale and teaches us the same lessons as the two preceding ones. We have had, as we had in Kilkenny and Sligo, every man, almost without exception, through the country who has helped to gain anything that has ever been gained for Ireland (cheers). We have had the majority of the votes, it is true, against us, and of them such votes—poor old men brought in without knowledge of the issues, unable to read, unable to study the great question, the solution of which is of such vital importance for the future of our country. These are the hosts that we have been beaten by in this county of Carlow (hear, hear). My friends, they have obtained the majority of the electorate in these three constituencies; it is possible that they may obtain a majority at the next general election. If they do, I personally shall not be the loser; upon them will rest the responsibility which we have had during these sixteen years past, and it will be necessary for these people, who have taken this responsibility upon their own shoulders, to show what results they can give to Ireland for the change. They will have to stand or fall by the results of the change (hear, hear). They will have to justify themselves by the fruits that they will bring to Ireland (hear, hear). We are justified by the result of our action, and we should have been still more justified in the future but for this attempt which has been made to snatch the reins from our hands, to forfeit the independence of our party and our country, and we shall see what fruits these traitors will bring back to Ireland for this great betrayal (cheers). I know well, although I regret to say it, that they will bring nothing to you (hear, hear); that Gladstone and the Liberal party, if the general election goes against us, will laugh at Ireland; they will feel that the necessity under which they lay to solve the Irish question, by concessions to the National aspirations of Ireland, no longer exists, since Ireland has prostrated herself before them; and the day will come when the people of the county Carlow, whom we have sought to benefit in these years gone by, whose interests we have never betrayed or lost sight of, will again want the men through whose sufferings and sacrifices they have gained every improvement in their condition that has ever proceeded from the Imperial parliament (cheers). For my part my task in the future will be to consolidate the gallant and the independent men of every Irish county and city, to put the issues again before the country at every bye election that may come, to put them again before the country at the general election, and if we should then be beaten we will form a solid rallying square of the 1,500 good men who voted for Ireland's independence and nationhood in the county Carlow (cheers); of the 2,500 heroes who voted for the same cause in North Sligo; and of the 1,400 patriots in North Kilkenny who stood by the flag of Irish independence. These men, fellow-countrymen, are worth having in our army (cheers). I would rather have one such man, brave enough to withstand the influences, the intimidation, the loss of fortune and of profit, and of future for themselves and their families which they have survived during the days past in this election, than half a dozen of the poor sheep driven into the booths to vote for a cause of which they know nothing (cheers). Now, my friends, our army is the old guard (cheers). It is composed of the same materials which Napoleon called upon at Waterloo, the men who handed down to their children the traditions of the chivalry of France, and who were rewarded for their patriotism and their bravery by the freedom of their beloved land (cheers). This is the support, these are the feelings, which actuate our supporters, and their friends—they fight for Ireland, they do not fight for themselves (cheers). They live not only for today—they have inherited the traditions of those who bled and died in this great country, and they look to the future confident that those who now follow the miserable cries which have been sought to be substituted in this contest for the call of patriotism will soon see, and will soon have to seek shelter behind the invincible phalanx which the patriotism of Carlow presents today, and which the patriotism of Ireland will present tomorrow; for

Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

(Loud and prolonged cheers).

WALES AND THE BRITISH.

The baccarat scandal seems to have injured the Prince of Wales more with the English masses than all his alleged adulterous practises. He has reached a period of life when most men cease to be "sports," but the heir apparent to the English throne appears to grow wilder as he grows older. His conduct during the Gordon Cumming trial evinced a callousness of heart and mind such as few people were prepared for. After declaring that he saw no cheating at the card table, he destroyed the reputation of his quondam confidant and associate by a resort to inuendo. He scandalously took advantage of his position as heir apparent to influence both judge and jury. In this country, the actions of the Prince and Lord Coleridge during the trial would have vitiated the proceedings before any court of review. It is the sense of the Prince's bad faith and cold heartedness toward a former friend, even if that friend was not above reproach, that has set a large and growing per cent age of the British people, especially in the North of England, and in Scotland, against him. The Britisher is a being full of human faults, but he has small love for an ingrate and a "squealer." In this light the Prince of Wales is now regarded by many of his fellow countrymen. One of the straws that shows how the wind blows is the action taken by the Highland Association of this city—a respectable and representative association of Scotch citizens—who, on Tuesday, elected Sir William Gordon Cumming honorary chief in place of Sir John A. MacDonald. The motion was put by Mr. Edgar and carried unanimously.

In the city of Birmingham, England, on the same day, we are told by a London cablegram that "the Prince of Wales opened the new law courts. There was some hooting at the Prince by the less respectable portion of the onlookers and there would probably have been more but for the presence of the Princess, who, despite an unusual paleness, looked as bewitching as ever. She wore a gown of heliotrope silk, trimmed in front with cream lace and studded with steel beads. It was a sight to see Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in uniform, toadying to the royalties and posing as the chief citizen of his town."

The foregoing report indicates the growing unpopularity of the possible king of England. Only the presence of the woman he has, if common report does not grossly belie him, repeatedly wronged saved him from further insult. As for Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, he has, by his conduct in the matter of Irish Home Rule, forfeited the confidence of all thinking men, both British and Irish, outside the Tories and the Whig Unionists. He has married an American wife, and, of course, he would like to have her called "Lady," instead of plain Mrs. Chamberlain. No doubt, Joseph's flunkeyism will be rewarded when Wales comes to the throne, and he will go sporting around London with a "Sir" prefixed to his name. We can imagine the rotund Wales toying with Chamberlain, as Richelieu did with the friar, and saying to him "You will be a Knight yet, Joseph—Sir Joseph." Ah, verily, the path to preferment in England as elsewhere, is indicated by persistent genuflection. Joseph Chamberlain's knee joints and spinal column are particularly well lubricated for such work.

OFFENSIVE GENERIC NICKNAMES.

A Hebrew paper finds very just fault with the Century Dictionary because of its misuse of the slang term "Sheeney" in connection with the Jewish people, thus: "The origin of the word is obscure, but it means a sharp fellow, hence a Jew," etc. The Hebrew paper, after showing up the injustice of such an appellation, and its impropriety, proceeds to say that the name "Michael," so common in Ireland, has caused the Irishman to be known by the slang term "Mick," but that the Century Dictionary, very properly, does not make use of the word in that, or any other, connection. THE CITIZEN desires to say to its Hebrew contemporary that the name "Michael" is quite as common in Germany, in parts of France, and among the Jews themselves, as in Ireland, or among the Irish. In fact, it would be quite as logical to call a German, a Frenchman or a Hebrew, a "Mick" as an Irishman.

The Gaelic pronunciation of the name Michael is *Meehaul*, which has a very euphonious sound. In the good old times, the Irishman was known by the hearty generic designation of "Paddy," which stood for as much as "Johnny Bull," "Sawney" or "Davy." Both Michael and Patrick came into Ireland with Christianity. Neither had a place in the pagan vocabulary. Before Ireland became Christian, the Irishman used to be called Angus, Feargus, Brian, Connor, Loughlin, Moran, Hugh, Dathi, Donal, Fionn, Niall, etcetera—names that cannot be surpassed in beauty of sound. Since the days of St. Patrick we, poor Irish, have had to carry a heavy load in the matter of Christian names. Both Rome and Jerusalem have piled them on to us. Michael, Patrick, Timothy, Jeremiah, Daniel, John, Mark, Thomas, Luke, Matthew, Peter, Paul, and so on, are either Roman or Jewish. Not one of them is Irish. Yet Ireland is saddled with them, one and all. They are, apart from the saintly personalities who bear or have borne them, not half as handsome as the native Irish names, of which there ought to be a healthy revival. How much better, for example, it would be to call our girls Una, Mona, Bride, Morna, Ina, A'é, Fionoula, Dergoville, Deirdré, etc—all genuinely Irish and Gaelic—than "Jennie," "Bessie," "Tillie," "Kittie," "Lottie," "Annie," "Carrie," "Maudie" and so on—all of which mean absolutely nothing, except an empty sound. There is Irish strength and manliness in such names for men as Angus, Moran, Connor, Brian and Niall, or Neal. If such names were in use, as they ought to be, both "Mick" and "Paddy" would pass into oblivion. That they were borne by our pagan forefathers only adds to their glory. Our native vocabulary is rich in such splendid names. Let them be revived, then, in God's name.

THE CITIZEN will say, in conclusion, that it heartily despises the bigotry which would brand any race, or any religion, with an opprobrious appellation, and it heartily seconds the Hebrew condemnation of the bad taste, if not bad feeling, displayed by the Century Dictionary, in regard to the Jewish people.

DEATH OF BISHOP FLANNERY.

The Right Rev. Dr. Flannery, Bishop of Killaloe, Ireland, died recently in Paris, at the age of 75. He had long been in ill health, and his mind, in the latter years of his life, was somewhat affected. He was a noble hearted, pious prelate, who attended strictly, while in health, to the high and sacred functions of his calling. We remember him with affection, because it was by him we were confirmed, in the parish church of Templederry, Tipperary, of which the celebrated patriot priest, Rev. Father John Kenyon, was pastor. Bishop Flannery has been succeeded by his coadjutor bishop, the Right-Rev. Dr. McRedmond.

OUR agent, Mr. P. Tyrrell, will visit LaSalle, Spring Valley, Peoria and Ottawa during the coming week. We bespeak for him a cordial reception.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

At the Killarney petty sessions three young girls named Ellen McMahon, Bridget Flynn and Kate Flynn were charged by Ellen O'Brien with riotous, violent, and indecent conduct at Firies chapel. Kate Flynn was found guilty of assault and the others were bound to be of good behavior for twelve months.

A man named John Naughton, who had been employed on the Galway & Clifden railway, was leaning against an embankment which had been partially undermined. Suddenly the cutting gave way, and the man was buried beneath the earth. When extricated it was found that life was extinct.

Gen. Sewell, of New Jersey, accompanied by his wife, son and daughter, were in Ballina, during the first week in July, on a visit from the United States to their relatives in Ireland.

A shocking accident occurred at the Carrick-on-Shannon railway station. A porter named John Flynn was crossing the track. His foot caught in the "points" and three wagons passed over him. He was fearfully mutilated. No hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Robert Kelly, of Bushmills, and James Dempsey, of Portballantrae, went out fishing, and were coming towards Portrush in their boat when they were caught in a sudden squall. Their boat was capsized, and Dempsey sank with it. Kelly clung to an oar. The cries of the men were heard by two fishermen named McAllister, who at once went to their assistance. Kelly, who was still clinging to the car, was taken into their boat, but he was found to be quite dead. Dempsey's body has not yet been recovered.

An accident attended with very serious injuries to two men named Darby Flaherty and Patrick Hernon, occurred at the relief works a few miles outside the village of Spiddal. The men were employed in blasting rocks and, having set the charge, awaited the result. No explosion, however, took place, and after a considerable time they resolved to extract the charge and attach a fresh fuse. While in the act of doing so the powder exploded. Flaherty had his hands, wrists and forearms fearfully injured, while the injury sustained by Hernon to his face and eyes is of a serious nature.

An inquest was held at Maryborough on the death of a man named Patrick Quinn. He had a quarrel with a man named Patrick Delaney on the 29th of June, when blows were exchanged. Quinn had to be assisted home, where he died. The jury found a verdict of manslaughter against Delaney.

The action for libel brought at the Limerick assizes by Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., against the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, ended in a disagreement of the jury. The jury differed on the question of damages, a majority, it is said, being in favor of awarding only a nominal sum. After two hours' deliberation the jury was discharged.

As an example of the fashion in which the mass of ignorant voters supported the Whig candidate in Carlow, it was learned that in one booth where sixty five "illiterates" polled, not less than sixty-three voted for Mr. Hammond.

A sad accident took place in the quarry in Ballinacraig, near Newry, belonging to Alexander Ewen, Monument Works, on Monaghan street. An old man named Patrick Toal and five shoddy men were working in the quarry. Toal was engaged digging in the quarry when some boulders fell down on him from the top. All in the quarry hurried to the spot and found him wedged in between a number of huge pieces of rock. They worked with crowbars and were enabled after some difficulty to release him. It was found there was a large hole in his chest caused by the blow of one of the boulders, and his head and face were also cut and disfigured. Before the arrival of medical aid the injured man had expired.

United Ireland says, apropos of the unenthusiastic electors of Carlow: "A curious thing about Carlow is that the people appear to have far more Teutonic than Celtic blood in their veins." We do not believe this, for if the people were of the music loving Teutonic race they wouldn't have followed the "Bantry Band."

The parishioners of Galmoy are about to erect a monument to the memory of their late parish priest, the Rev. Father Fitzpatrick.

The collected poems of the late Charles F. Kickham, and four stories never before printed, are about being published by his brother, Mr. T. P. Kickham. The work is to be dedicated to the Archbishop of Cashel.

The memorial cross to Timothy Daly, a '67 man, who was shot by the police in Castlemartyr, was unveiled on Sunday in Killeagh. Four thousand people marched in procession from Castlemartyr. The oration at the grave was spoken by Mr. Thomas Walsh, P.L.G., Ardnahinch.

The Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy, Bishop of Cloyne, has been pleased to appoint Rev. J. Barry, Adm., Queenstown, P.P. of Inniscarra, in succession to the Rev. T. L. Murray.

After the ceremonies of the blessing of the foundations and laying of the corner stone of the new Catholic church at Belleek, county Fermanagh, a collection was taken up in aid of the building fund and over £600 subscribed. The site is in the eastern part of the town, overlooking Lough Erne, and was secured to the church by the zealous pastor of Pettigo, Very Rev. Canon McKenna. The cost of the church will be about £6,000.

At the annual examinations in Killarney, the Venerable Archdeacon O'Sullivan, P. P., Castleisland, the Very Rev. D. O'Leary, president of St. Brendan's Seminary, and the Rev. John O'Leary, P. P., Ballymacelligott, being the examiners, fourteen students were examined, and all passed. The names are arranged in the order of merit: John Breen, Killarney; R. Hickey, Spa; Daniel Buckley, Drumtariffe; Martin O'Connor, Castlegregory; William Behane, Lixnaw; T. O'Shea, Killarney; T. O'Reilly, Tralee; W. Dwyer, Castletownbere; T. Lyne, Killarney; J. Cahill, Tralee; P. Parker, Fenit; M. O'Donnell, Ballyard; W. Quinlan, Tarbert; and T. McCarthy, Killarney. The number of places for Maynooth has not yet been stated.

Following is a "bar" from the music of the late Carlow fight:

Bantry over all, boys,
Bantry over all!
Let other gangs in Ireland
Stumble, faint, or fall;
The Bantry Band together
Bugle one and all—
"Bantry over all, boys,
Bantry over all!"

Dr. Nicholas Whyte, city coroner, Dublin, died July 3.

Mr. Frederick W. Daly, of the Telegraph Department, Cork, was presented by the mayor with the bronze medal and certificate of the Royal Humane Society for his action in saving the lives of two boys who were skating on Jan. 7, from being drowned.

A sad accident occurred on the new railway from Downpatrick to Ardglass, at a place called Erinagh, about three miles from Downpatrick, by which a man named Patrick McKnight lost his life. The deceased was engaged driving a horse at the tipping of wagons. He tripped against the rail and fell in between his horse and the wagon, which was loaded, the wagon passing over him. Dr. Tate, assistant-surgeon of the County Down infirmary, was immediately sent for, but on his arrival he found life extinct, and the deceased's body fearfully mangled.

A young widow was arrested at Ballyconnell, County Fermanagh, on a charge of having concealed the death of her father-in-law, a man of 85 years of age, who had been receiving a pension for many years. The motive ascribed for the alleged concealment of the old man's death is that the accused wished to draw his pension. When the police brought the prisoner to Derrylin they went to dig in the garden at her house, and found the body in a sort of grave, without any clothing on it in a decomposed state. A laborer was also arrested on a charge of being concerned in the affair.

A gentleman named Andrew Burke died in the mail train between Euston and Holyhead. The body was brought via Kingstown to Dublin.

At the Leitrim assizes James Conlan was indicted for having on June 2 last, at Manorhamilton Quarter Sessions, committed willful and corrupt perjury in the hearing of an ejectment case before County Court Judge Waters. The accused was convicted of willful perjury, and sentenced to four months' imprisonment with hard labor.

A creamery at Shansgolden, county Limerick, was burned down on the 1st inst. The building was valued at nearly £1,000. It is not known how the fire originated.

Considerable excitement has been caused in Birr by an occurrence which has taken place in the Catholic church of the town. A man named Joseph Fitzpatrick, supposed to be insane, entered the church, and getting inside the altar rails, at once proceeded to smash everything that came in his way. He first pulled down and completely smashed a beautiful statue of St. Joseph, valued at £15, and destroyed a number of valuable brass candlesticks, vases, etc. Fortunately he was arrested in this work by a Mr. Dunne, who grappled with the supposed madman, and thereby prevented him from doing further damage. Fitzpatrick then rushed from the church and ran towards Carncorver. Seeing the constabulary approach he plunged in. Sergt. Johnston and Constable Begley jumped in after him, and by their joint exertions the lunatic was rescued and brought to the police station. He was brought before a magistrate and remanded to the next Birr petty sessions. The amount of damage done in the church is estimated at £30.

THE IRISH IN PARIS.

How "'98" and "'48" Were Linked Arm in Arm in the French Capital During the Reign of Napoleon III.

Brilliant Career of General MacAdaras, a Well Known Figure in This Country

[*Boston Pilot.*]

The Irish colony of Paris, during the period of the second empire, was in itself a literary, artistic and political Bohemia. Some of its members were permanent residents of the French capital, having married into French families and given hostages to fortune in the land of their adoption; others were denizens of the city for the time being, birds of passage, not a few of whom had, like the wild geese, to preen their wings for foreign parts, in the troubled years of '48-49, and subsequently in 1867.

In the opening years of the empire, '98 and '48, so to speak, walked the boulevards hand in-hand, in the persons of Miles Byrne and Gen. Arthur O'Connor, who represented the former movement, and John Mitchel and James Stephens, who represented the latter. Mitchel was, during his residence in Paris, the correspondent of the New York *Daily News*, while Stephens was earning his bread by translating "David Copperfield" and others of Dickens' novels into French, for the *Moniteur* and other periodicals. Another Irish Parisian of that period was the well known Francis Mahony, "Father Prout," who used to write his daily letter for the London *Globe* every afternoon in the cosy reading room of Galignani, in the Rue de Rivoli.

Among the other Irishmen of note then residing in Paris were the late O'Gorman Mahon, a fire eater of the old type, who fought sundry duels in the Bois de Boulogne, and was ranked among the crack shots and best swordsmen of the city; The O'Donoghue of the Glens, then in the hot flush of manhood, who lived like a Grand Mongul in a palace in the Heavenly Fields, and who got himself into trouble with the police on one occasion, by driving through Paris in a gorgeous equipage, drawn by six horses mounted by half a dozen equerries arrayed in purple plushes—a heinous offence against the majesty of imperialism, which never allowed its subjects to parade in a carriage to which were yoked more than five such quadrupeds. O'Donoghue resented this interference in the press at the time, by openly declaring that the Bonapartes were a mere pack of whipper snappers, who had no right to shear him of his privileges.

"Where were the Corsicans, those *parvenus* of an hour," asked the chieftain of the Glens, "when my ancestors were the Kings of Ireland?"

Napoleon III. responded to this piece of effrontry by giving the chieftain, through the detectives, a quiet hint that he might find himself in the lock up if he remained much longer on French territory. So, thinking probably that discretion was the better part of valor, the rollicking Irishman folded his tent, like an Arab, and silently stole away.

THE IRISH IN THE LATIN QUARTER.

The Irishmen who walked the asphalt of Paris throughout the closing years of the second empire had even more of Murger's Bohemianism in them than their predecessors. They lived for the most part in attics in the heart of the Latin quarter, and had very little of the world's wealth at their disposal; yet they enjoyed life as only Bohemians can in this miserable valley of tears and tares. They used to meet almost every evening in a cafe on the Boulevard St. Michael, where, sitting around a few marble tables, and quaffing their beer or coffee, they would discuss every subject under the sun, from an elephant to a needle.

They formed a motley group enough as they sat there; for among them were professors from Cork and Dublin, "French" guides from Tipperary, compositors from Galignani, enjoying their "off" hours, journalists and special correspondents who had served their apprenticeship in the old land, "niggers" from the Galtees who had the word *artiste* on their cards, and who used to astonish the natives during the season in the singing halls, and a fair sprinkling of painters and political refugees.

Some of the leading lights in that group have since made their mark in the literary world, such as John Augustus O'Shea, the "Irish Bohemian," whose "Iron Bound City" and "Travels in Spain" have ensured him a wide reputation as an author, and whose feats as a war correspondent read like so many pages of Lever; his colleague, the late Edmond O'Donovan, who was perhaps the most enterprising of modern specials, and who accomplished such great things at Merv and elsewhere for the London *Daily News*; his brother, Wm. O'Donovan, who was a pressman of more than ordinary talent; Alfred O'Hea, a profound writer on military subjects; and John O'Brien one of the most remarkable of latter day philologists. The two O'Donovans have since passed away—William in New York, and Edmond in the wildernesses of the Soudan.

O'Brien, in a moment of fanaticism, joined the Commune, was arrested and sent to the galleys, where he suffered years of torture rather than gain his liberty by acknowledging himself a subject of Queen Victoria. After his unconditional release, he left France for London, where for a considerable time he passed himself off as a French professor, under the name of Dubois, and a few years ago he returned to France, whence he was expelled by the Ferry government. Since then his where abouts have remained unknown. John Augustus O'Shea, probably the sole survivor of the band, resides in London at present, and is a very busy literary worker. Though not known to fame, a wonderful genius named Prof. Mortimer Murphy was the centre of this intellectual group on the Boulevard St. Michel. O'Shea used to call him a sitting and walking encyclopedia of information. Mortimer knew thoroughly some six or seven European languages. He had traveled the entire continent on foot, in train and on horseback, plying various occupations; at one time as Alpine guide, at another the manager of the famous Irish giant, Murphy, a namesake of his own, throughout the latter's European tour. In Paris, the professor was recognized as an authority *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. The solid education he had acquired gave him a breezy self complacency, refreshing to contemplate; while his phrases, garnished as they were with a *melange* of the sauces of Greece and Munster, were always listened to with attention, and were thoroughly appreciated. Those nights and suppers of the gods, so full of Irish wit and sparkling repartee—entertainments where no idea was allowed currency unless it was of a three star brand, and where jog-trot commonplaces were unknown—have now almost completely disappeared with the professor himself, who did not long survive the disaster that befell the French arms in 1870-71.

THE IRISH COLONY OF TODAY.

The Irish colony of today in Paris is far less Bohemian than that of the closing years of the second empire. There are no traces now left of the wild humor that prompted one Irishman to stand on his head for five minutes on the boulevards for the delectation of the *flaneurs* of Paris, and that prompted another to deliver a patriotic harangue in Connaught French from the top of the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde. Like our brethren at home, we are becoming less impulsive than we used to be. It may be the continual friction with the Saxon that has iced our veins with the liquid of Saxon stolidity. I do not desire to discuss here whether the change has improved us or not; but in any case the cap and jerkin that used to make us laugh are now no longer sought after as an antidote to the ills of which Irish flesh is heir.

The Irish colony in Paris at the present day is represented in politics, journalism, and the opera. Its leading representative in politics is Geo. MacAdaras, who has achieved, for an Irishman, the proud distinction of a seat in the French chamber of deputies. MacAdaras was born some fifty years ago in Belfast, and proceeded early in life to Paris, where he went through the military curriculum of studies in the Ecole Polytechnique, which he left with the epaulettes of a sub lieutenant. Shortly afterward he took service as an officer in the East India Company; but when the troops at the disposal of that syndicate were transferred to the British government, MacAdaras, who was then captain, refused to take the prescribed oath of allegiance, and returned to France. At the outbreak of Franco-German hostilities, MacAdaras proceeded to Dublin, where he organized an Irish company to do battle on the French side. Throughout the campaign, MacAdaras became in succession colonel and brigadier general, and received at the battle of Orleans a leg wound, from the effects of which he still suffers. Coming to this country in 1876, he met, in St. Louis, the widow of the late Mr. McDevitt, of the well known firm of Doyle & McDevitt, architects, in that city, whom, in a short time afterward, he married. Returning to Europe with his bride, MacAdaras spent most of his time in Gastein and other watering places, for the benefit of his health; and when the legislative elections took place in France in 1889, the general offered himself on the Republican ticket as a candidate for the parliamentary representation of Sisteron, in the Maritime Alps. He beat his Royalist competitor by an overwhelming majority. He has been very active in his legislative work since his election, and some of the projects which he prepared for the defense of France, on her eastern frontier, have been adopted by the government. The general is a tall, well built, sympathetic gentleman. He has a rather full face, set off by a military mustache and imperial. His long residence in France has given him a slight French accent in speaking English. Mrs. MacAdaras is a charming lady in every respect. They both reside in a sumptuous mansion in the French capital during the parliamentary session.

One of the stormiest petrels in latter day French politics is a Monsieur Murphy, whose parents came from the kingdom of Kerry. This young man, who, though born in Paris, was according to law regarded as a foreigner till he reached his majority, has already given successive French governments no small amount of worry and annoyance. He made himself so remarkable at eighteen years of age, by his red republican speeches at Belleville, that he was expelled from France. For the next few years he went through a veritable series of imprisonments and expulsions, till the day came when the authorities could no longer prevent him from becoming a French citizen. With the halo of martyrdom around his brow, he became the petted darling of the populace. Two years ago he threw in his lot with Boulanger, and still clings to the fortunes of that adventurer. Such other well known Irishmen as the Count O'Neill de Tyrone and Count Mahony are tacitly or avowedly supporters of the royal pretender, the Count of Paris.

THE IRISH IN JOURNALISM.

Journalism has as its Irish representatives in Paris, Mrs. Emily Crawford, Gen. Carroll Tevis, and others. Mrs. Crawford, whose maiden name was Miss Johnston, was born in Belfast. Having spent her early years in France and in this country, she married, in 1864, Mr. Crawford, who was at that time the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News*. Being a journalist almost by intuition, Mrs. Crawford did remarkable work for the *News* during the Franco-German war. On the occasion of her husband's death, she was appointed his successor. She is also the correspondent of London *Truth*, and sends a weekly letter to the New York *Tribune* on current Parisian topics, dealing chiefly with social life and manners. She is universally regarded as one of the ablest of women journalists.

Gen. Carroll Tevis, who is an Irish American by birth, was educated at Blue Point, took part on the Northern side in the Civil War, and subsequently entered the Turkish army, where he was raised to the rank of brigadier general. He afterwards fought on the French side in the Franco-German campaign, and was awarded the commission of general of division at the hands of Bourbaki. Since the close of the war he has been spending his time in literary leisure, contributing occasional articles, chiefly on Russian and military subjects, to the New York *Times* and other periodicals. Another Irish journalist, who was up to a short time ago the editor in chief of the Royalist comic sheet, the *Triboulet*, is the Baron Harden Hickey, who, though born of Irish parents in California, is a rabid adherent of the cause of monarchy.

IN OPERATIC AND OTHER DEPARTMENTS.

Miss Augusta Holmes, the well known musical composer, was born in Versailles, of Irish parents. Having spent her childhood in that historic old town, Miss Holmes traveled through Germany and Italy, where she studied music under trained masters. In 1879 her first great symphony, entitled "L'Irlande," was played in the Clique d'Hines, Paris, attracted very large crowds, and excited much enthusiasm for the Irish movement, even among the sceptical Parisians. This symphony is an historical record of Ireland in melody. It opens with a flourish of trumpets in the golden era of Innisfail; the clash of arms is heard subsequently, and then the rule of the stranger on her shores is divined by the weird melancholy of the strains or the hoarse murmur of rebellious indignation. On the whole, it is a work of art which it would be well worth the while of Mr. Gilmore to treat his American audiences to. In 1889 Miss Holmes was selected by the authorities to write the Exposition Cantata, words and music, which had a highly successful run and reflected the utmost credit on the talent of this Irish lady. Miss Holmes, I may add, like most of her blood and nationality in Paris, is true as steel on the question of Ireland's right to liberty.

Among the Irish representatives of the church in Paris may be mentioned Dr. MacHale, a tall, well built elderly gentleman, who is a professor in the Irish College, and nephew of the great Archbishop of Tuam; and Bishop Flannery, of Killaloe, who, owing to weak health, was relieved of his episcopal duties at home many years ago, and has been since a resident of the French capital.

[The latter died in Paris since the receipt of this communication.—ED. *Pilot*.

The Rev. John Hogan, a native of county Clare, and a highly learned theologian, was, up to a comparatively recent period, professor of moral theology in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, when he proceeded to Boston at a call from his superiors to found a college of his company in that archdiocese.

[Father Hogan successfully fulfilled his mission to Boston, and is now President of the Divinity College of the Catholic University of America.—ED *Pilot*.]

The Irish College, to which I purpose later devoting a special paper, educates some one hundred Irish ecclesiastics for the home mission.

Since the death of the well known Prof. Leonard, James Stephens is the sole connecting link between the at one time surviving representatives of '98 and the Irishmen of today who have found hospitality within the confines of Paris. The injustice done to the veteran rebel by the Ferry government in 1885, in his expulsion from France, was repaired shortly afterwards by M. Carnot. Since then Mr. Stephens has resided in the Avenue de Neuilly, in the French capital, spending the evening of his life, like Kossuth, in study and meditation, far removed from jarring feuds and the turmoil of politics.

In conclusion I have only to add that there is a fair sprinkling of the fair sex in the Irish colony of Paris, in the persons of a few hundred governesses. Years ago the fallacy was entertained in certain Parisian circles that Irish girls spoke a kind of *patois*, and were utterly unable to teach good English in the families in which they were engaged. This delusion has long since vanished, and now these ladies are great favorites in the aristocratic and Catholic quarter of St. Germain, where they are employed in preference to English ladies, partly owing to their religion and partly to their nationality.

EUGENE DAVIS.

OBITUARY.

MR MAURICE LEE.

One of the most venerable of the citizens of Chicago—if not indeed the most venerable—Mr. Maurice Lee, passed away to the better life, at his residence, No. 27 Currier street, this city, last Monday afternoon in the 104th year of his age. Mr. Lee was born in the county Kerry, Ireland in the year 1787, and had vivid memories of the horrors of the great rebellion of 1798. He came to America in 1855, and settled in Richmond, Va. He left that city for Chicago about twenty five years ago, and resided here up to the time of his death. Mr. Lee clung with patriot tenacity to the language of his fathers, and spoke Gaelic even more fluently than he did "the tongue of the stranger." In fact, he rarely ever conversed in any other than the native Irish language. When in the mood, his reminiscences of '98 were as racy as the pages of a novel. He had besides a keen recollection of the 'rising,' failure and execution of Robert Emmet, and also of the earlier years of O'Connell's agitation. He never, for a moment, wavered in his love for native land, or in the faith that she would yet be delivered from the English yoke. Mr. Lee's venerable wife, now nearly 100 years old, survives him, as do also his sons, Messrs. Timothy and Patrick Lee, and his daughters, Mrs. John Griffin and Mrs. Frank E. Hawkins, who are all residents of this city. The funeral occurred from the residence to St Columbkille's church, Indiana and Paulina streets, on Wednesday morning, and was very largely attended. High mass of requiem was celebrated. At the conclusion of the religious services, the remains were escorted by a large cortege to Calvary cemetery, where they were finally laid to rest.

THE most charming Summer Resorts, of which there are over three hundred choice locations, are to be found in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and the Peninsula of Michigan, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Nearly all are located near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal.

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A JACOBIN LYRIC.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

(Time 1789).

[These lines, it may be necessary to state, seek only to give expression to the fierce passions of the French Revolutionists during the Reign of Terror. They are therefore in that sense purely and altogether retrospective.]

Our hands are red with nobles' blood, our path
is paved with bones,
As on we speed o'er crumbled crowns and desecrated thrones,
With vengeance burning in our hearts for prig
and *seigneur* gay
Who mocked our rags and poverty, and stole
our bread away,
Who ruled from chateau and from fort, from
city and from town,
And battened on a nation's wealth and crushed
a people down;
But, oh, their day has passed away, and, free
from dree and dole,
We'll dance upon their dainty dust the ringing
Carmagnole!

Oh, ca ira—
Out, ca ira,
The glorious Carmagnole!

They gave us stones when we but asked the
human right to live—
A lamp-post and a halter to them in turn we
give!
They had their thongs and dungeons: we have
our trusty skein,
And stake and knife, and fire and sword, and
eke the guillotine!
And by the might that nerves our limbs—the
pity we defy,
We'll revel in their sky-blue blood, and drain
their bodies dry,
While o'er the streets and avenues in jubilation
roll
From surging crowd the accents loud of Freedom's Carmagnole!

Oh, ca ira—
Out, ca ira,
Our righteous Carmagnole!

We'll lay the bones of despot knaves on an
avenging pyre,
And of the bloated carrion there we'll make a
goodly fire
Whose beacon lights, far flashing the boulevards
along,
Will show a suffering people the lurid guilt of
wrong:
So, let the cymbals clash, *mes braves*, the joy-bells proudly ring,
As hand in hand, with burning brand, we crush
each lord and king;
And while our gospel speeds in flame from welcome pole to pole,
We'll gladly dance today in France our glorious
Carmagnole!

Oh, ca ira—
Out, ca ira—
Vive—vive la Carmagnole!

DEATH OF "THE NATION."

We regret to record today the death of the *Nation* newspaper. The sad historic event is dismissed in a commonplace paragraph in its last issue. Its agony was long, but its last hours were painless. The announcement is made that it is incorporated with a publication called the *Irish Catholic*, which for the future is to have a double barrelled name—the dead *Nation's* title being tacked on to it. It were better that the *Nation* of Davis and Duffy and Dillon had departed to the limbo of journalism long ago. It had ceased to be any more than the shadow of a great name—*magni nominis umbra!* And it is, indeed, a mercy that it met with the happy dispatch before the melancholy arrival of its semi centennial jubilee. Like many youthful brilliancies, the *Nation* was doomed to premature senility, decline, and decay. It is pathetic to note that in its last number one of its founders, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, is interrupted by the fatal shears while writing the memoirs of his dead fellow, Thomas Davis. Nearly half a century ago now is it since there appeared the famous verses:

'Tis a great day and glorious, O Public! for
you,
This October Fifteenth, Eighteen Forty and
Two.
For on this day of days, lo! the *Nation* comes
forth
To commence its career of wit, wisdom, and
worth.
To give genius its due, to do battle with
wrong,
And achieve things undreamed of as yet, save
in song.
Then arise, fling aside your dark mantle of
slumber,
And welcome in chorus the *Nation's* First
Number!

The present year has proved fatal to three secessionist newspapers. We have chronicled the deaths of the unsavory *Insupressible*, its last breath an indecency; the ill omened *Labor World*, accursed from its cradle; and now the *Nation*. More are expected. The two which have already died in infancy will never be remembered save with shame. Of the *Nation*, on the contrary, we have to say that its glorious days of poetry and prose will ever be recalled with pride. Happy would have been its fate and memory had it been taken before the period of intellectual puerility had arrived. Yet it is not dramatically unbefitting that the strong young *Nation*, which first upraised the lofty standard of "Independent Opposition," and gathered beneath its folds an united Ireland, should stagger and fall dead when in hands which have lowered that banner, struck the National flag before the foe, and left it "down in the dust and a shame to be seen."—*Dublin Freeman*.

Irish News.

On July 2 a fire occurred in a carpenter shop attached to the hardware and wood-turning establishment of Charles Mullen, Knox street, Sligo. Mr. Mullen first discovered the fire, and managed to effect the escape of himself, wife and child. A servant girl, who was sleeping in the upper room, failed to make her escape, and after being suffocated the body was literally roasted, and on being discovered after the fire was extinguished presented a horrible spectacle.

At the Limerick assizes William Hartnett and Thomas Sullivan were indicted under the Whiteboy Act for having with others, on Jan. 11 last, at Bawnmoe, unlawfully assembled at night, armed and disguised, attacked the dwelling house of one John Keating, and taken therefrom a silver watch. Hartnett pleaded guilty and was put back for sentence. Sullivan pleaded not guilty, and the jury disagreed. The prisoner was put back.

A daring moonlight outrage was committed at a place called Gortmore, about four miles from Ennis, where a man named Cabey was approached on his farm by a man dressed in woman's apparel, who pointed a revolver at him. The weapon missed fire at the first attempt, and Cabey fled, but the fellow then discharged several shots after him. The motive is said to be connected with land which Cabey had recently taken. No arrests were made.

A shocking occurrence is reported from Kilmanspec, county Waterford. Two brothers, William and Joe Connors, held a farm in that district. On June 25 William received over £70 for cattle sold at Carrick on Suir fair, and left for home. Since then he has not been seen. On June 30 attention was directed to the Connors' farm, and on the neighbors entering they found Joe Connors with his throat cut so badly that he is reported to be dying. He says he cut his throat, but declines to give any information as to his brother, whose body has not yet been found.

On June 20 a young lad named Michael Branigan had a very narrow escape from drowning. He was bathing in the River Boyne, nearly opposite King James' Hill, Drogheda, on the north side. Not being a good swimmer, he got into deep water and sank. His cries attracted the attention of a man passing by, and he went to his rescue, but he, too, was soon in difficulties. A girl named Pentony rushed into the water to her waist, and threw her shawl to the man, who was holding on to the boy, and drew them both out. The boy was almost lifeless, and for a long time was despaired of. Ultimately, under the care of Dr. Bradley, of Drogheda, who was summoned to the spot, he revived.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS

CODD—July 2, at No. 111 Lower Dorset street, Dublin, John, fourth youngest son of Mark Codd, Gerunmedon, county Wexford.

DOWNING—June 22, at Queenstown, Dr. William Creagh Downing, aged 42 years.

DUNNE—July 1 at Kilmaloque House, Portarlington, John Dunne, aged 65 years.

FARRELL—July 1, at Lanesborough, Susan Farrell.

O'CONNOR—June 25, at The Cottage, Loughgiynn, near Castlerea, Mary T. O'Connor, native of Bandon, county Cork, aged 28 years.

ROE—July 1, Eleanor Mary, infant daughter of Thomas Roe, *Democrat* office, Dundalk, aged 10 months.

WETHERILL—July 1, at Carrick Hill, Malahide, county Dublin, Thomas Binks Wetherill, late of Beech Grove, Drogheda, county Louth.

BOYLE—July 1, at Rockpark, Granard, Bridget wife of the late Sergt Boyle, R.I.C., Reynella, county Westmeath.

LEAMY—June 27, at the National Bank, Ballinasloe, Sarah E. Leamy, fourth daughter of J. F. Leamy, aged 15 years.

REDMOND—July 2, at No 4 Emerald place, Sheriff street, Dublin, James Redmond.

STOKES—July 3, at Coal Brook, Ballingarry, Edward Stokes, aged 47 years, father of the Rev. James Stokes.

COYLE—July 8, at Darling street, Enniskillen, Elizabeth, wife of Bernard Coyle, aged 27 years.

MACLOGHNIN—July 8, at No. 1 Brookfield terrace, Donnybrook, James A. MacLoghlin, of Ballyglass, Mullingar, county Westmeath.

MARKEY—July 6, at Cloughrea, county Meath, Catherine Markey, aged 72 years.

DELANEY—June 24, at No. 29 Lower Dominick street, Dublin, Patrick Delaney, aged 63 years.

MCMULLEN—July 7, at No. 24 Clare street, Dublin, Anna Maria McMullen, widow of the late Robert McMullen.

POWELL—July 9, at No. 50 Church street, Dublin, William Powell.

SILKE—July 10, at Leinster street, Athy, Alicia Mary, youngest daughter of the late James Silke.

HICKEY—July 3, at Birmingham England, Timothy, youngest son of the late Daniel Hickey, Prosperous county Kildare.

REYNOLDS—July 3, at Mohill, county Leitrim, Mary, widow of the late Hugh Reynolds, of Farnaught, aged 89 years.

RYAN—June 22, at Hermitage, Castleconnel, county Limerick, Patrick, second son of Patrick Ryan, aged 35 years.

DUNNE—At No. 41 Kildare street, Dublin, Patrick, eldest son of Michael and Ellen Dunne.

FITZMAURICE—June 27, at Spa Cottage, Carrick on Shannon, Thomas Fitzmaurice, aged 24 years.

KEOGH—July 8, at No. 50 Ranelagh road, Dublin, Mary, daughter of the late Alex. Keogh.

MCGRANE—At Cloghan, King's county, Christopher McGrane, aged 69 years.

QUIRKE—July 8, Maggie, child of Constantine and Mary Quirke, Tullamore.

ALLEN—July 3, at Kilmore, county Wexford, Benjamin Allen, aged 72 years.

FOX—July 3, at Marino Villas, Carrigaloe, Mrs. Hanora Fox, mother of Dr. Fox, M. P.

O'KEEFE—July 1, at Hibernian House, Schull, Ellen, wife of Maurice O'Keefe.

ORPEN—July 4, at Tralee, Sarah Lucinda, wife of the Archdeacon of Ardfert.

BURNS—July 5, at Enniskerry, Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James Burns.

CARROLL—July 6, at No. 72 Stephen's Green, Dublin, Jane, daughter of the late William Carroll, of Limerick.

LEAHY—July 6, at Abbeyfeale, county Limerick, Annie, wife of Daniel Leahy, Solicitor, aged 24 years.

O'TOOLE—July 5, Maria, daughter of the late James O'Toole, Tyneclash, county Carlow.

PHIPPS—July 5, at No. 19 Wicklow street, Dublin, Edward Phipps, aged 55 years.

SHARPE—July 5, at No. 4 Upper Oriel st., Dublin, John, son of the late Alexander and Elizabeth Sharpe.

Don't be discouraged about that eczema till you have given Ayer's Sarsaparilla a persistent trial. Six bottles of this medicine cured the complaint for George S. Thomas, of Ada, Ohio, when all other remedies failed to afford any relief.

Cleanse the scalp from scurf and dandruff; keep the hair soft and of a natural color by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

DAILY LAKE EXCURSION

To the Beautiful Summer Resorts of

ST. JOSEPH AND BENTON HARBOR

On the Palace Steamers "CITY OF CHICAGO" and "PURITAN,"

The two Fastest boats on Lake Michigan.

Leave 9:30 a. m., return to the city at 9 p. m. $1.00 Round trip.

Leave 11:30 p. m. Single fare $1.00.

Sunday Excursion, leave 10 a. m. Return 10 p. m. $1.50 Round trip.

Saturday Special, leave 2 p. m. Round trip $1.00. Tickets good returning same day, Sunday 6 p. m. steamer, or Monday Meals and Berths Extra.

The "City of Chicago," 9:30 a. m. steamer from Chicago connects with the Special Steamboat Express on the Chicago & West Michigan Railway for Grand Rapids, Holland, Petosky, Detroit, Mackinac Island and all Northern points. This is the quickest and cheapest route to these points.

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UNION GROCERY CO.

274-276 MADISON ST.

In order to introduce our own Brand of Choice Tea we will give

FREE! FREE!!

To every person who purchases a pound of our 75c TEA the choice of a pair of GENUINE KID OPERA SLIPPERS, regular value $1.25, or an OXIDIZED SILVER BRUSH HOLDER and BRUSH regular value $1.50.

HERE WE GO AGAIN.

Note Our Prices for Choice Goods.

Potatoes, large and ripe, per bu	75c
Potatoes, large and ripe, per peck	20c
Sweet Corn, 2 lb can	7c
Standard Tomatoes, 3 lb can	7c
Sultana Raisins, per lb	5c
Loose Muscatel Raisins, per lb	4c
Scourine, large 2 zs	3c
Pineapple, packed in glass jars, regular 50c goods, jar worth half the money, per jar	25c
Desiccated Cocoanut, per lb	8c
First Love Smoking Tobacco, in cloth, per package 5c, per lb	30c
Five Brands Plug Tobacco, all new goods, per lb	18c
Charm of the West Chewing, 1 lb pails	50c

SPICES FOR CATSUP.

Pure Ground Pepper, per lb	15c
Pure Ground Cinnamon, per lb	15c
Pure Ground Allspice, per lb	10c
Pure Ground Cayenne Pepper, per lb	20c
Pure Ground Mace, per lb	65c
Pure Ground Nutmegs, per lb	65c

These goods are all new and fresh. Our TEAS are the best in the market and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Goods delivered to all parts of the city and suburbs. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

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Dealer in
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O'DONNELL BRO'S,
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All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
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The Artistic and Reliable
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A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

Furniture, Stoves,

Carpets and Parlor Goods.

HENRY STUCKART,

2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV.

W'EN MELINDY TOL' ME YES.

Jest two weeks from my big fall out with my
first sweetheart Lucindy,
Did Melindy, my Melindy, tell me "Yes;"
An' the atmosphere wuz windy, 'way from
Pokurvinio to Indy,
Windy with the breezy music of eternal
blessedness
An' she said it fair an' squarely, an' not "Call
again" or May be;"
An' a New Jerusalem glory lit the fiel' an'
wilderness
An' the sun leped out like laughter on the
round face of a baby,
W'en Melindy, my Melindy, tol' me "Yes!"

Like a twenty million orchestra away beyond
all counting,
The birdlinks birdined over in a music water-
fall;
An' I felt best like a-mountin' on the meetin'
horse an' shoutin'
That Paradise was open, with admission free
to all;
Each grass blade in the medder wuz a string
to Nature's fiddle,
That was played on by the zephyrs with a vel-
vety caress;
An' ol' Nature's vines were limbered, an' she
sashayed down the middle,
W'en Melindy, my Melindy, tol' me "Yes!"

An' the angels leaved so bully thet the music
reached the gateway
An' came spillin' through the op'nin, and
a-singin' down to earth—
Came a-singin' so's a great way thet the uni-
verse wuz straightaway
Shoutin' in the glad redem'tion of a holy
secon' birth:
An' I—I set a-straddle on the ridge pole of cre-
ation,
An' only fit to holler in my hootin' happi-
ness,
W'en Melindy, my Melindy, filled my heart
'ith jubilation,
W'en Melindy, my Melindy, tol' me Yes!"

—Yankee Blade.

UNDER A CLOUD.

I am Agnes Grey; or at least that was my name when one bright summer day, the sky as blue as though there never could be another cloud in it, I came home across the fields from Nellie Hobart's wedding. Very sweet she looked in her bridal dress, and very fond the gentleman to whom she had given her hand seemed to be of her. The church was decked with flowers, and not one of those who sat there but wished the pretty young creature well, and as she stepped out from the shadow of the painted windows into the clear, golden, out of door light I thought of the old rhyme—

Happy is the bride
Whom the sun shines on.

And thought that she looked like one of those fair saints the old masters were so fond of painting, blue eyed and blond, and with mouths like those of smiling babies.

I thought of something else, also, as I suppose every girl who had been to that wedding did, could one but know the truth. I wondered whether it would ever be my turn to stand where Nellie stood that day, and what manner of man my bridegroom would be; for I had never yet seen any one I could fancy giving myself to, almost body and soul, as a wife must. I was making a picture of him for myself, like a goose, when my foot caught in the grass, where some boys had tied it, and down I fell, twisting my ankle and hurting my head, so that for awhile I knew nothing.

At last I felt some one lift me off the ground, and opened my eyes to see that it was a great, swarthy, black eyed girl of seventeen or so—a girl with a careless look about her dress which was not ladylike. But she had the voice and manner of a lady, and she asked me very kindly if I were much hurt; and, seeing that I was, picked me up in her strong arms and carried me through a garden gate and into a little parlor, where she laid me on a sofa and bathed my head with rose water and told me to keep up my courage, for "Gideon has gone for a doctor."

That name told me where I was. I was under a roof that I had never thought would shelter me, no matter what would come to pass. I would have risen and gone away if I could have stirred from the odd old sofa. For this was Gideon Lee's old homestead, and here dwelt the children of the man who, sixteen years before, had been hung for the murder of my Uncle Mathew.

I was but a baby when it all happened, but I could remember how the whole village was astir in search of the missing man, and how a body was found at last in the heart of Alcott's woods, and how the facts that there had been a quarrel between Gideon Lee and Uncle Mathew, and that Gideon Lee owed the latter money, and how they were last seen together quarreling in Gideon's garden, where a bloody handkerchief, marked "M. G.," was found soon after, and brought Gideon to the gallows.

Perhaps hearing the story afterward from my grandfather made me fancy I remembered it, but at all events the name I had learned to hate was that of Gideon Lee. And now it was the child born on the day of her mother's death—the very day on which the father met his awful fate—who lifted me from the ground, dusky Madge Lee, who had never found a playmate nor a friend in the town because of the ban upon her father's name, and Gideon, the son, who had been old enough to understand it all at the time, who came in with old Dr. Humphries soon after.

They were not poor people. The house was a substantial one, and there were more books and pictures and tokens of refinement within than country homes generally boast of. But even the farm hands spoke contemptuously of the "son of the man who was hung," and the servants who were hired by Madge Lee were not natives of the place.

And here was I, Mathew Grey's own niece, lying under the roof, and likely to be there for some time, for the doctor forbade my removal.

"I must go home—I must go away from this house!" I said, angrily and feverishly.

And Madge Lee looking down on me as an Indian princess might, with her dark eyes aglow, said, in a bitter voice, "Never fear, Miss Grey, we'll not murder you!" and somehow abashed me, haughty as I was.

Grandpa was away from home, or I think even the risk of my life would not have kept him from taking me home; and I grew ill and delirious, and Madge Lee nursed me as a sister might, and Gideon was kinder than a brother. He read to me; he brought me cooling drinks made of fruits after some Oriental recipes which he possessed; he found sweet flowers dripping with dew in the woods, and he sang, as I never heard any one sing before, those Scottish ballads that are lovelier than any other music ever written, to my mind, and it ended in my loving them.

So when I was well enough to go away I took Madge's hand in mine and said, "How shall I ever thank you for your tender care of me?"

And she answered, "Agnes Grey, the only gratitude I ask is belief in us. The people down there" (and she pointed with her brown hand toward the town) "call us the children of a murderer. We are the children of a martyr instead. I never saw my father, but we both know that he is innocent. And Gideon remembers his kindness, his tenderness, his gentleness and his honor.

"Your uncle Mathew—forgive me, but it is the truth—was a wild, bad fellow. He quarreled with my father, not father with him, and the debt was paid. Mother saw it done, and heard him boast that the money should take him beyond the reach of irksome laws and chattering tongues. And for the bloody handkerchief, he had cut his hand, and unbound and washed it, and tied it up afresh in mother's very sight that day. Don't dare to doubt it; don't be so cruel as to doubt it, Agnes Grey."

Then she brought me the picture that they kept as a sacred relic, and verses written by his hand and tender love letters yellow with age, and as I looked at the face—so sweet, so good, so like that of the Gideon Lee I knew—I felt sure that those who stood before me, though they were the children of the man who was hung, were not the offspring of a murderer. And afterward Gideon also spoke.

"It is hard to bear," he said; "hard to know that we must bear it all our lives; but if you only see the truth—if only, without proof, you will understand that we know no murder was ever done by our dear father's hand—we, who have his pictured face upon the wall, the letters written to our mother, the words our mother wrote begging us to read them often when she was dead, and never doubt the man who on his knees in the condemned cell, calling on God to witness his last words, had sworn to the wife who would have loved him even had he in some hasty moment dealt a fatal blow, that he knew nothing of Mathew Grey's death and even doubted that he was dead at all—if you can believe with us and not with those who were his murderers, I, at least, shall have a lighter heart."

And I put my hand into his, and gave the other to Madge, and said honestly, "I do believe as you do, and I always will."

And so I went away; but I took their faces with me, their pleasant ways, their voices. As for Gideon's face, it haunted me. There was about him a charm that no one else ever had. They were all quaint, all charming in their way, but he most of all.

A pretty scandal there was through the town when I began to go down to the farmhouse to see my friends. I knew it, and fought it bravely.

"Gideon Lee never killed any one," I vowed aloud to those who chided me, "I will not ban his children for the fault of others."

But there in the town were those who had been at the trial, and eleven of the jurymen and witnesses; and under a stone in the graveyard were the bones that had been sworn to as Uncle Mathew's, and in a bleak, lonely spot near the prison the coffin of the man who was hung; and how dared I, a baby almost at the time, to judge for myself.

I knew they were right enough, but I never faltered. I was as sure as Madge was that her father never killed Uncle Mathew.

They would not come to my home. Indeed, grandfather would have had the door closed in their faces, but nothing could keep me from them. And it was dangerous work for me, too, as I began to know before long, to sit so much by Gideon Lee's side, to hear his dear voice so often, to feel my heart thrilling with a loving pity for him for which I had no words. He was my wounded and despised knight, this dear Gideon Lee, before I had known him three months, and I would have given my life for him. But he said no words of love to me nor I to him. Just friends we were, and nothing more, outwardly. That was enough for the town—enough for grandfather. I was called unnatural. I found my dearest friends grown cold. Even the clergyman asked me if "it would not harm me to hold companionship with such people."

And I said: "They are the best people I have ever known. And even had their father done the deed for which he died, they would be no worse for it. As it is he was murdered, and you are all cruel to these poor children of his—cruel and unchristian."

So he left me angrily, and so many a friend left me, and all my comfort was to sit between Madge and Gideon in the quiet evenings and talk to them.

In the summer time we used to light no candles, and the moonlight fell through the ivy leaves upon us, and the old dog lay at our feet and put his curly head upon Madge's lap. We would tell stories of fairies and goblins or sing romantic songs written before any of us were born. Now and then Gideon would steal his arm about my waist or hold my hand awhile, and wrong though any one might have thought there was no more harm in it than though we had been children.

Just so we were sitting one evening, when grandfather walked into our midst and clutched me fiercely by the arm. No need to repeat the words he uttered. The insults stung me as sharply as they could Gideon Lee's children. But he forbade me ever to speak to them again and took me home with him.

The last glimpse I caught of the brother and sister showed them to be standing hand in hand, their fingers clutched tight, their teeth set, their faces white with wrath under the moonlight. It was my last glimpse for many years, for the day after this we sailed for Canada. Grandfather was a Canadian, and it was partly to revisit his native land and partly to put the ocean between the Lees and me that he took the voyage. But he could not tear my heart from them. I loved them better than any people I ever met; most of all I loved Gideon.

But I never heard of him or from him, nor could I guess whether he lived or died, remembered or forgot me, for three long years.

At the end of that time my grandfather died, and I, his heiress, returned to my native land a rich woman and my own mistress, though this was the codicil to the will that left me all:

"I, Henry Grey, having cause to fear that my beloved grandchild is easily misled by artful persons, and is not guileful enough to understand their guile, do, for her own welfare, add this proviso, That, should she ever give her hand in marriage to the son of the murderer of my son, Matthew Grey, all claim upon the moneys and estates above bequeathed her shall be forfeited, and said property go, without reserve, to the Hospital of St. Martha, to be used by the trustees of said institution as they see fit."

But, despite this codicil, I went down into the valley in which Gideon Lee's homestead stood before I had been at home a day. It was sunset when I reached it, but the light did not as of yore gild the panes of the upper windows to sheets of burnished gold. Every shutter was closed and the house seemed to frown upon me. The garden had run wild; the fields lay desolate; the broken branches of the orchard trees told of boyish depredation. Strange cattle grazed in the meadow and Rover's kennel was empty. The sight brought tears to my eyes. I went up the old porch and found there, wet with rain and tangled in the relics of last year's vine, a scarlet ribbon, one Madge must have worn. I put it in my bosom and came away. No one could tell me anything of Gideon Lee's children, except what the empty house had told me—that they were gone.

I had lost them; and what did I care that all the country place besides welcomed me home? Gideon's smile would have been more to me than all their greetings, and Madge would have given me a kiss that had true love in it.

I was not happy; I could not be gay. I could not care for anything very much. I lived a quiet life for two long years, and, let those call me cold and proud who would, I was not cold, but those who courted me were Gideon Lee's enemies, and had persecuted pretty Madge since her very birth, and had done their innocent father to death, and I hated them for it, though I said nothing.

But at last, one bright morning, walking up the road to look at the desolate dwelling where I had learned to love Gideon Lee's children, I saw a change in it. The windows were open; a man was at work in the garden. Three figures in traveling costume had just entered the porch and a carriage stood at the gate.

I knew Gideon's tall figure at a glance, but who was this—superb, glowing, beautiful, with a look of triumph on her face—who came toward me? And who was that old man with the strange, sarcastic smile, that I fancied I had seen before?

As I advanced I knew that it was Madge who ran to meet me—Madge, grown to be a magnificent woman—Madge, who kissed me as of yore, but more gladly, and who left me in a moment alone with Gideon and drew the stranger away with her.

And Gideon held my hand, and I could only say, "it has been very long, Gideon," and try and hide my tears.

"It has been long for me, Agnes!" he said. And then there was a pause. He broke it by kneeling down beside me, with my hands in his as I set on the low step of the porch.

"You are Miss Agnes Grey," he said, "and the world honors you. I am the son of the man who was hanged. Even now, loving you as I do—as I have all this weary while—that stands between us, a barrier you could not cross. Is it not so? Were I all else, and so worthy of you, I should still be Gideon Lee, and an outcast, branded with Cain's brand upon the forehead, and you could neither love nor wed me!"

Could I say "I love you?" It was not in maidenhood to do that. It was impossible. I trembled; I faltered; I only said these words: "It is an unjust brand—unjust and cruel. My eyes never see it, Gideon Lee!"

He showered fond kisses on my hands, but he spoke again.

"Do you dare to do it, Agnes—to love an outcast man; to bring upon yourself contempt and hate; to relinquish wealth for the humble life of a simple farmer? Is your love strong enough for this? Will you never repent?"

"Never," I said.

"When your gold is gone, your land another's, your friends turned to enemies and your name, your very name, Agnes—that of the man who was hanged?" he asked slowly. "Think! can you bear that ignominy? I know how terrible it is."

And I took my hands from his and laid them on his broad shoulders and said—but no matter what I said. I have forgotten the words that told him that I loved him too well to doubt my courage to bear anything for his dear sake.

But suddenly, as he knelt there looking up into my eyes, I saw a look in his face that I could not understand—a look that made me cry out and begin to tremble; and I saw others draw near; and I saw Madge clasp her brother's hand, and the old man held out both of his to me.

"We have been parted five years," said Gideon. "In that time I have been searching for something that I believed must be hidden in the wide world. I have found it."

"Gideon, tell me," I cried.

"Could any earthly thing but one emboldon me to speak as I have spoken to you?" said Gideon. "Do you think that I would ever have offered any woman a name that would have made her an outcast? That which I sought, that which I found, was a living proof of my dear father's innocence. Look! do you know this man? Have you no recollection of him?"

And I turned my eyes upon the old man, who had taken my hand in his, and knew that I looked upon my uncle Mathew.

The whole town knows the story now. He has told them how, yielding to his wandering impulses, he left, as he had done once before, the home and friends of his early manhood, and far from all news of Christian lands dwelt in the Arab's tent upon the desert and wandered with him over the burning sands, loving the life too well to leave it, and never hearing of Gideon Lee's unjust condemnation, or of his terrible fate, until his son stood before him and bade him, if one drop of Christian pity lingered in his soul for the man on whom he had brought this awful doom, to return and prove by his living presence the fact of his innocence and of his unjust death.

They speak of Gideon Lee's children now as of those of a martyr; and the ban is lifted from the name that I have taken for my own.—Buffalo News.

The Ancient Mines of Laurium.

United States Consul Manatt, at Athens, in a recent report on Greek mining and metallurgy, enters into the history of the subject in an interesting manner.

The mines of Laurium, now worked for zinc, lead and iron, are, he says, the very mines from which Themistocles drew the silver supply to fit out his fleet and beat back the Persian invader at Salamis (490-480 B. C.), and so to lay the foundations of the Athenian hegemony. More than this, it is thought probable that the Phœnicians delved here before the Greeks came, as they are known to have done in the Island of Thasos.

At any rate, Thoricus was a free city before Theseus welded the Attic boroughs into a single commonwealth (that is to say, before the name of Athens appeared in history) and its importance must have been due to the mines; so that the mining industry at Laurium may possibly boast an origin as remote as thirty centuries back, while it is again in full blast today.

In walking through the French company's great mine at Camaresa, in the heart of the Laurium region, one traverses here a gallery in active exploitation for zinc and lead and hard by another worked out by the old Greeks two or three thousand years ago. These ancient works are among the most interesting monuments of Hellenic civilization.

Etiquette in the Reign of Louis XIV.

The etiquette which prevailed at Versailles was of the most minutely elaborate character, and governed every movement of the king and those about him from the very moment he opened his august eyes until he closed them in sleep. He was the center of the whole; it was a drama, daily repeated—the same characters, the same scenes, the same details—oppressive in its sameness, fatiguing in its constant pressure.

I have neither the space nor the inclination to dwell on all the extraordinary ceremonial of the state dinner; the twenty or thirty grandees fluttering around the king's plates and glasses; the sacramental utterances of the occasion; the gaudy procession of the retinue; the arrival of la nef—that is, the center piece of plate which contained, between scented cushions, the king's napkins, and Pessai des plats—the tasting of each dish by the gentlemen servants and officers of the table before the king partook of it.

The same custom was observed with the beverages. It took four persons to serve the king with a glass of wine and water. Well might Frederick the Great, on hearing an account of all this tyranny of etiquette, exclaim, that if he were king of France his first edict would be to appoint another king to hold court in his place.—All the Year Round.

Cost of Booming in Georgia.

I heard an amusing conversation between two property holders. One was speaking of improved values of property around Augusta, when he said: "A real estate holder in Augusta is afraid to try to boom his property for fear of having his tax assessment increased. If a man goes out on the street and makes the innocent remark that he wouldn't take $25,000 for certain property, up goes the assessment to $25,000, even though he couldn't get $20,000 for it."

The other speaker said: "One day I had some friends at my house to dine. During the dinner I was asked what my place was worth, and we were all feeling good, and I wanted the value of the place to sound well, so I gave some extravagant figure which I could never have got for it. One of my guests happened to be a tax assessor, and, would you believe it, my assessment was increased according to my rosy hued statement."

The moral seems to be either that a man had better talk "poor," or else that the assessors should take something more substantial as their basis of assessment than a man's after dinner or ante-trading talk.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

The Tonic Effect of Bathing.

The tonic effect of bathing is caused by the contraction of the surface blood vessels, which drives the blood back to the larger blood vessels and the heart. These react and send the blood rushing back to the skin, causing the glow which follows the bath, or ought to follow it, the free respiration and the vigorous feeling of the muscular system. The bath should always be followed by friction with the hand, a brush or a towel.

The frequency with which it should be taken depends entirely on circumstances. It should be often enough to keep the pores open and the skin clean, for the skin does one-third of the breathing, and if it is clogged the lungs must do the work and they will be overburdened. As a rule the more rapidly a bath is taken the better will be its effects.—Herald of Health.

WHERE BEAVERS LIVE.

KILGORE'S BIG FARM INHABITED BY BEAVERS FOR MARKET.

One Man Who Hopes to Grow Rich Out of the Scarcity of Sealskins—A Queer Kind of Live Stock to Raise—Beavers Are as Social as Pigs.

"You have never heard of Dick Kilgore's beaver farm? That's queer." The speaker was old "Mud Cat" Williams, who has been a fisherman in the southeast Georgi streams for forty years.

"Dick's going to make a pile of money," he continued.

"You see, Dick has about 200 beavers, young and old, but there are not more than twenty to be killed for their skins this year. It's a new industry, an experiment with him, and he don't want to kill any except the surplus males for the present. But suppose you go out with me and see the farm."

A drive of ten miles through the swamps along Briar creek and the Kilgore place, or Beaver Dam Hollow, was reached.

"Now, here's the farm," said Williams, pointing to the creek, across which every few yards were rough dams, and above them, in the almost still water, were mounds of earth, rocks and sticks coming out a few feet above the surface of the water.

"You know beavers don't show themselves much in the day. They do their work at night. Dick owns about 1,000 acres running up and down the creek. He has the land posted and keeps everybody off, but it is not fenced. Fences would not keep the beavers in, but there is no danger of them going off, for this is a natural home for them, and every beaver here knows old Dick. He feeds them every night, and they come, when he calls, like hogs."

Kilgore has been a farmer down here for years, and beavers have been in the creek for all time, but it was not until recently that he began to protect and care for them with a view to making beaver raising a regular business. It will be a profitable business, for the scarcity of sealskins has increased the value of beaver skins, and they will continue to increase year by year. A few years ago beaver skins sold as low as four dollars per skin, but they should now bring at least ten dollars each.

VALUE OF BEAVER SKINS.

Beaver skins sent to London and properly dyed a seal brown are splendid imitations of the seal. The seal fur, you know, is naturally a gray. The reason I say send beaver skins to London is because that is the only place in the world, it seems, that furs can be properly dyed. However, the fur of the beaver is naturally a reddish brown, and is a beautiful fur.

The beaver is a queer little animal. When full grown it weighs from fifty to sixty pounds. Its hind legs are its principal propellers, both when in and out of the water. The hind feet are webbed and the front ones have claws, which are about as convenient to the beaver as a monkey's hands are to him. They can carry stones and sticks about in them with ease. In the water especially a beaver can carry a quantity of freight, for he swims with his hind feet and carries his load in his mouth.

Just after dark Mr. Kilgore went down to the edge of the stream to feed the beavers.

"I don't often feed them in the summer," he said, "for they get all they want along the banks of the stream. They eat bark off the trees, and at this season there is an abundance of fresh, tender bark and grasses and roots. In the winter they lay up a supply of food for themselves along the banks and in their holes in the dams, which they build of roots and sticks and stones. I feed them nearly all the time in winter, when they flock together and unite in building dams, but in summer they scatter—every fellow for himself—and I only call them up occasionally, just enough to keep them tame. As they are scattered off for miles around, but few will come to a call for food."

HOW THE BEAVER WORKS.

But there were a dozen romping about in the stream then, and in a few minutes quite a number had gathered. Among them were a score or more little fellows born only a month ago. The females have from two to six young each annually, and as a consequence the families increase very rapidly.

A mixture of green food and a little grain was thrown out on the ground to the herd of little animals, and they scampered around and picked it up like so many hogs. Some of them would gather up an ear of corn or a young cornstalk and dive off with it into the stream. They were tame, but, like hogs, would scamper off if you tried to catch one.

A beaver seems to be almost human in intelligence. They actually gnaw down young trees, drag them into a stream and let them float down, swimming with them to the place they want to build a dam. Then they will drag stones and roots and sticks and grasses, and indeed everything used to dam a stream, until they have practically as substantial a dam as a man could construct. They do this to make the water above deep enough to sport in and placid enough to build their homes of sticks and mud in, which are very warm and comfortable in winter and large enough for a family of eight or ten.

The beaver's principal tool in building these homes is his tail. The tail is a scaly, trowel shaped appendage about ten inches long and four or five inches broad. The beaver's main strength is in the tail. He can take up soft mud on it, place it against the sticks and stones used to build his home, and pat it down with the tail as firmly and as well as a man could do the work with a trowel. Besides its fur, which is the main revenue from the beaver, it furnishes castoreum, a product used in medicines, and its flesh is a food that when properly prepared is delicious.—Bascom (Ga.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Arabia's Contribution to Science.

Rome boasted that she dispensed with native physicians for the first 600 years of her existence. Whether this was the result of her unusual vigor is not recorded. In the days of her prosperity and success she developed considerable ability in the medical line and gave to the world the distinguished physician Galenus. For some time after the fall of Rome the treatment of disease was chiefly in the hands of monks. In connection with the monastery there were frequently the well managed hospital and garden filled with plants noted for their healing virtues.

The Arabs of the Middle Ages were devoted students of science and particularly of medicine. When they came in contact with Christendom they made two important contributions. They gave to the church the writings of Aristotle, which, in the hands of St. Thomas Aquinas, saved the church from a crude materialism.

They gave to the medical world the wealth of their scientific researches, especially in the line of chemistry, and substituted milder remedies in place of the terrible hellebore and other drugs of Hippocrates. Averrors and Avicenna were the leading Arabian scientists, and Dante has given them a place in that honorable circle of the "Inferno" which contains the leading physicians of heathen times.—Chicago Herald.

A Mine in Ancient Greece.

At Laurium are found 2,000 ancient shafts, with their connected galleries. These shafts average about two meters square (the round shaft is almost unknown) and are sunk from 20 to 120 meters in depth, but never below sea level. The galleries open into ancient chambers, sometimes 30 feet high and 150 feet wide. According to M. Cordella's estimate the ancients extracted from these mines a mass of mineral amounting to 105,000,000 cubic meters and yielding 2,100,084 tons of lead and 8,400 tons of silver, or a value of 4,171,378,600 drachmas.

The work employed steadily about 15,000 laborers—3,000 in the mines themselves—almost exclusively slaves. The earthern lamps, water jugs and picks found in our day in some of the low, tortuous passages through which a man must work his way on hands and knees have a pathos of their own. Slaves were cheap and the labor problem easy at first. Proprietors worked their own slaves or hired other people's at an obol per day—say 55 drachmas a year (a saddle horse in Athens now brings 200 drachmas per month)—and the price of slaves ranged from 45 drachmas upward, according to quality.—Engineering Record.

Ancient Milling.

For ages various cereals used in breadmaking were ground with very uncouth contrivances hardly deserving the name of mill, as we understand it. They consisted of two portable circular stones, the upper being the smaller and turned upon the lower and concave one by means of an iron or wooden handle, the grain being placed between them. These stones were usually obtained from a quarry in the vicinity of Babylon, from which sufficient were taken to supply all the eastern countries.

The grinding was usually performed by two females, who sat opposite each other with the millstones placed between them, the upper stone being kept in motion by the hands of the operators. Very often this tedious work was assigned to prisoners, who considered it a most degrading task. This fact is recorded in Holy Writ, in whith we are told that Samson "did grind in the prison house of the Philistines," and Jeremiah bewails the fact that the Babylonians "took our young men to grind."—Detroit Free Press.

A Hop Picker.

The record of the fertility of American ingenuity has been increased by the addition of the invention of a machine for picking hops. It is claimed this machine will do the work as clean and much more rapidly than it can be done by hand. The apparatus is mounted on a wooden frame, heavy enough to insure stability, and is about 7 feet long by 5 feet wide and 4 feet high.

The branches of the hop bine are fed into a receiver and are seized between two rollers and gradually pulled through. The hops fall into an inclined screen, and by their own weight fall into the box prepared to receive them. The leaves and bines fall on the same screen, but are carried back by the returning motion and thrown into a separate pile. It requires only one man to turn the wheel and another to feed bines into the rollers.—Boston Transcript.

Green Soldiers on Sentry Duty.

Early one morning when in camp two Seventh regiment men had adjoining posts. Instead of walking in the same direction, as they should have done, they were plodding toward and from each other. Suddenly the sentry on post No. 5 bawled out as he saw some one approaching from post No. 6:

"Who comes there? Halt?"

The response was quickly given. "Get out, you darned idiot. I'm the sentinel." Then a whispered conversation was held, the result being that the matter was to go no further.—New York Herald

Before You Tell a Secret.

If you are just on the point of making a confidence it is a good plan to pause before doing so to note the proportion between the times you have regretted giving a confidence and the times you have regretted withholding it. If after this you decide upon making your friend a confidant you must have weighty reasons for thinking him worthy of it.—Murray's Magazine.

The majority of people die sooner than they should. George E. Waring, Jr., says: "Disease is not a consequence of life; it is due to unnatural conditions of living—to neglect, abuse and want." And Dr. Stephen Smith says: "Man is born to health and longevity; disease is abnormal, and death, except from old age, is accidental, and both are preventable by human agencies."

A CAVE IN THE WOODS.

A NEATLY CONSTRUCTED DWELLING WITHOUT A TENANT.

A Cave That Was Probably the Haunt of a Sneak Thief—Evidences That Show the Builder to Have Been a Skillful Mechanic—Contents of the Hut.

Saxton's swamp has its head in the woods between Islip and Brentwood. Whortleberries are plentiful in the vicinity. George L. Benjamin and Alexander Combs were roaming carelessly about in the vicinity and made a discovery that interested the town not a little. They saw smoke curling up as if out of the ground and began an investigation. They found a fire and a kettle over it in which beans, potatoes and chicken were simmering. There was no one visible in the vicinity.

The boys went to Bay Shore and spread the news, and a score or more of men went to the woods to see the surprising sight. They concluded in advance that the swamp was a thieves' den, and some of the men carried guns, others revolvers and a few hayforks. They found the simmering pot and the fire almost out. For the fun of the thing the men began playing robber, and several shots were fired as part of the pantomime. They had reason to conclude later that this was a mistake, for it served as a signal to the occupant of a cave in the woods to make himself scarce. A man with a pitchfork kept jabbing it into the earth and detected a hollow spot.

A little digging threw a large sheet iron tray up from under the leaves and left exposed a hole about two feet square. It had wooden sides leveled so that the tray set in snugly. Over the tray were leaves, grass and brush, in keeping with the surroundings. Through a hole in the tray was run a piece of telegraph wire, and at each end of the wire was fastened a nicely rounded stick which served as a handle to lift up the tray on the outside and pull it down on the inside. The hole in the earth was four feet deep and eight feet long under the ground, forming an alleyway.

CONTENTS OF THE CAVE.

The earth had been carefully cut out and must have been carted away, as no evidence of it could be found in the vicinity. There could not have been less than several wagon loads of it. At the end of the alleyway there was a depression of two feet, running a distance of six feet and being five feet wide. The roof was six feet high. This was the bedroom. It had a bunk on each side filled with leaves and grass and both had been slept in. The walls were lined with logs, and the ceiling, so to speak, was covered with muslin.

There were two closets and several brackets and a fireplace at one end, with a capped pipe running up to the top, which could be raised for use and lowered at will, to prevent detection. Five tin gutter pipes were so arranged as to admit light and air and enable the occupant to observe what was going on about him in the woods. On one side of the passage a post was driven down and into it a staple had been bolted, to which was attached a trace chain. It was a mystery what use could have been made of this, and the belief is that it was used to keep some person a prisoner at some time.

The cavern had undoubtedly been inhabited up to within a few hours, and if the men who went out to see a sight had not made fools of themselves instead of watching the hole in the ground they would undoubtedly have discovered the tenant of the queer abode and perhaps made an important discovery.

A tub in the farthest west corner of the cavern contained salt pork, and sliced chicken meat had been put into the brine to pickle. A silver spoon was found marked "The Austral." It was probably stolen from the Austral hotel, at Brentwood. Among other things were a muslin shirt, a flannel shirt and a pair of lawn tennis shoes, which are supposed to be the ones stolen from Mr. William M. Van Anden's house.

EVIDENCES OF ROBBERY.

No evidence was found that the cave dweller committed the robbery in the house of Mr. Gibb. A copy of the Bay Shore Journal was pinned up against the wall with a mark drawn around an advertisement offering $250 reward for the arrest of the butcher who killed John H. Vail's cow and carried away a part of the meat. Fastened to the paper was a slip giving an account of the robbery in Mr. Van Anden's house. Copies of city papers were strewn about. The cave, it could be seen, had been occupied for a considerable time. It was constructed by a good mechanic.

It may be interesting to state that soon after Mr. Vail's cow had been killed by a thief, who was in need of meat, a hog was killed in a pen on the premises of Mr. Marvin and the hams carried away. A few nights later a dozen chickens were stolen from Justice Clock. The thief cut their heads off and threw them on the justice's back stoop.

A colored man known as "Long Steve," otherwise Stephen Green, was arrested for stealing Mr. Marvin's hog and incidentally he was suspected of committing the other crimes. The proof against him did not positively establish his guilt, although a boy who lived with him accused him, but he had so bad a reputation that Justice Clock came to the conclusion that the public welfare required him to be incarcerated, and he was committed to the county jail at Riverhead.

Notwithstanding there have been no robberies since Green was deprived of his liberty—a circumstance which was thought pretty clearly to establish his guilt—the people are now wondering whether, after all, the dweller in the cave was not the real culprit. He was not Green, that is certain.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Answered.

"What would you do if you had a voice like mine?" said Binks, who is rather proud of his basso profundo.

"I'd take it out into the woods and yell with it till it bu'st," said De Garry, who prefers his own tenor.—Harper's Bazar.

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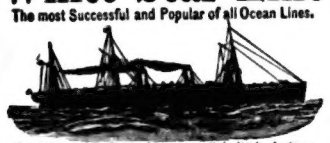

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 529 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3023 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M O O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lavreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 288 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Symon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 S Boyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Farel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Fenhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, F S; Joseph F Roder, Treas; Dr Michael Roeder, Treas Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringa, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Degruise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas: Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; O Niersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierceni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaeques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Mclyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3719 Lowe av.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 2—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V-P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec., James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1723 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V-P; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James A. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Doran, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 356 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Abern, Pres S Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., S Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Eigerman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres. D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P. P. D. Kirby, Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas. Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 15—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2802 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3132 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Rasner's hall. Lodi st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 16—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 18—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P. James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Hendly; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 19—Pres., M. Lafin, cor W Forty-third and Lase sts V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Bresnahan, Fin. Sec. Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres. James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert, Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell. Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres. Hugh Hackett, 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. sec., P. J. Barrett, 716 Loomis-st. Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Finney. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V. P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P., M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artisian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3800 Lowe av; V P J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.
Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2300 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Yeoman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 3010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dani Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E S. venth st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.
Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.
Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

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Treasurer, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.
Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.
County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.
County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty

HIS FIRST ASSIGNMENT.

Initiation of a Fresh Young Man From College Into Reportorial Work.

Horace Greeley once said, "Of all horned cattle deliver me from the college graduate who wants to break into journalism." The commencement season had nearly opened, but the advance guard of the graduate crop walked into the city editor's room the other day, exhibited his college diploma, said that he had "written several pieces for the county paper," and asked for a chance to show what he could do. Like all writers of his class he did not want a salary so much as he wanted an opportunity to jump right into the middle of journalism. The annual vacation season had left the city force short handed, and the editor decided to try the new man.

"Go down to the Illinois Central depot right away," he said, "and see what there is in a case of mayhem there. I know nothing about this except that some one telephoned me a few minutes ago that there was a case of mayhem at the depot. Go down there and see what you can find. Ask the railroad and depot employes about the case, and if you strike a lead follow it up and investigate the matter thoroughly."

Two hours later the would be journalist reported at the office with a very long face.

"Well, what was there in that case," asked the editor.

"I do not know, sir," replied the new reporter.

"Don't know! Why don't you know? Didn't I give you instructions to look into it?"

"Yes, sir, but I couldn't find it."

"Did you canvass the subject thoroughly? What did you do?"

"I went down to the Illinois Central depot and told the freight agent that I was looking for a case of mayhem. He asked me the name of the consignee. I told him I didn't know it. He asked me where the case was from and wanted to know if it was shipped alone. I couldn't tell that, of course, so we went over the whole stock of shipping bills, but we didn't find the slightest trace of it.

"I don't believe there is any such case at the Illinois Central depot, but I didn't look for it anywhere else. I found that it would be useless for me to stay there longer, however, because the agent assured me that unless I had an order from the consignee he would not permit me to look into it, even if we succeeded in finding it. What shall I do next?"

After a moment's reflection the editor slowly replied: "Well, as there is no vacancy just now in our janitorial department, perhaps you had better step into the composing room and ask the foreman to let you clip the bangs off the hair spaces in the cases. If you escape, come back and I'll let you answer the telephone until it is time for you to draw your salary tonight." — Chicago Mail.

Relative Strength of Men and Women.

By means of a specially devised instrument a French scientist has carried out some experiments for determining how the average strength of the two sexes compares. The palm of the hand is placed on the instrument, and then the greatest downward pressure which the individual can give is exercised upon it, and the force thus produced is recorded by the usual clockwork device. Fifty robust men, and the same number of healthy women, both belonging to the middle class of society, with ages varying from twenty-five to forty-five years, were tested in this way by the Paris scientist.

The strongest man of the company was able to produce with his right hand a pressure equivalent to eighty-five kilograms (a kilogram is rather more than two pounds) and the weakest to forty kilograms, the average being fifty-six kilograms. One curious result was arrived at: The short men were all very nearly as strong as the tall men, the average difference between equal groups of two sizes being only three kilograms. The force of the strongest women of the fifty who were selected amounted to only forty-four kilograms, and that of the weakest to sixteen kilograms, while the average was thirty-three kilograms.—Herald of Health.

Dynamite for Foundation Work.

A correspondent of Indian Engineering says he recently witnessed a very interesting mode of obtaining a foundation for a new building. A hole was bored in the ground (which was previously damp) from ten to twelve feet deep and an inch and a half wide, and a string of cartridges was lowered into it. The subsequent explosion not only produced a cavity a yard in diameter, but also drove the water out of the surrounding earth by means of the expansive action of the gases. The water did not return to its former place for fully an hour, so that an opportunity was afforded to fill up the cavity with quickly settling concrete, and a rapid rate of working was thus attained.

A New Antiseptic Agent.

A new antiseptic agent called microcidine, which is composed of 75 per cent. of naphtholate of sodium and 25 per cent. of naphthol and phenyl compounds, has been tried in France. It is a white powder, soluble in three parts of water. The solution, which is cheap, is said to be a very effective antiseptic, without being poisonous or caustic or injurious to instruments or linen. Its antiseptic properties are inferior to those of corrosive sublimate or napthol, but surpass those of carbolic and boracic acids ten and twenty times respectively. The solution has given excellent results in dressing wounds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A One Sided Contract.

The Hon. Benjamin H. Field was relating the other day how he induced his son to abstain from chewing tobacco. "When my boy was at college," said Mr. Field, "I agreed to pay for all of the cigars he might smoke, provided he would not chew tobacco. He entered into the agreement, and although that was several years ago he still holds me to the contract."—New York Times.

RALLY FOR IRELAND!!!

Stand By the Cause of Irish Liberty

AT THE

Fifteenth Annual Irish National Demonstration,

Under the Auspices of the United Irish Societies of Chicago,

To Be Held at

OGDEN GROVE,

SATURDAY, AUG. 15, 1891.

JOHN K. McGUIRE, of Syracuse, N. Y., CHRISTOPHER GALLAGHER, of Minneapolis, Minn., and the HON. M. P. BRADY, of Chicago, Will Address the Meetings. M. J. KEANE Will Preside at the Afternoon Meeting and FRANK AGNEW in the Evening. In the Evening there will be a Magnificent Display of Fireworks.

TICKETS 50 CENTS. SOLD ONLY AT THE GATE.

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DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL ENRIGHT, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof. JULIA ENRIGHT, Executrix.

Dated Chicago, July 7, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST

ESTATE OF PATRICK SHEA, DECEASED. —All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Shea, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof. WINIFRED SHEA, Executrix.

Dated Chicago, July 9, 1891.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM MURPHY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of William Murphy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1891, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 26, 1891.
WILLIAM F. MURPHY, Administrator.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administrator, Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building.

NOTICE OF PETITION FOR LEAVE TO change name To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Victor Krasky, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, at the next July Term A. D. 1891 of said court, which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in said County of Cook, on the third Monday of July, 1891, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Victor Krasko.

Dated at Chicago, this 21st day of May A. D. 1891. (Signed) VICTOR KRASKY.

WILLIAM R. MASON, LAWRENCE M. ENNIS, ROBERT P. BATES.
MASON, ENNIS & BATES,
Attorneys-at-Law,
ROOMS 501 TO 510 NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING,
36 LaSalle-st., Corner of Lake,
CHICAGO.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter Clarke, a native of Co. Cavan, Ireland; last heard from about ten years ago; was then in Gunnison, Colorado. Any information about him will be thankfully received by his brother, JAS. CLARKE, 1267 W. Sixteenth st, Chicago, Ill.

DO YOU KNOW

That the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines run through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room and Tourist Sleepers without change between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.?

The train known as the Pacific Express leaves the magnificent new Grand Central Passenger Station, Chicago, every day at 10:45 p. m.

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or to F. J. EDDY, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passen Station, Chicago, Ill.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1891 John G. Haucise vs. Sarah Haucise. In Chancery. No. 91,759.

Notice is hereby given to the said Sarah Haucise that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. —ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic. To Orlow H. Crotser, and to all whom it may concern:

Please take notice that on the 20th day of July, 1891, being the first day of the July Term 1891, of the Probate Court of Cook County, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, I, Augusta Kennedy, Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, shall present to said court, at the Probate Court room, in the court house, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, my petition and application for leave to sell, according to law, all that certain real estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, situated in said County and State, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) of Taylor's Subdivision of Block One (1) of Assessor's division of the East half (E½) of the Northwest quarter (N. W. ¼) of Section Eight (8), Township Thirty nine (39), North, Range fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian, for the purpose of enabling me to pay the debts of said Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.

AUGUSTA KENNEDY, Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.
Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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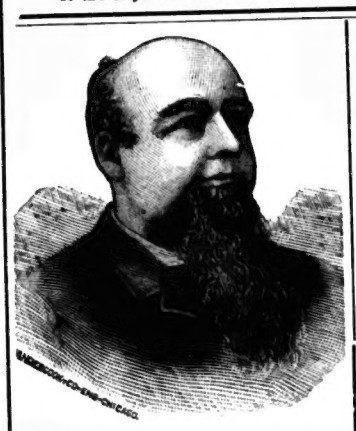

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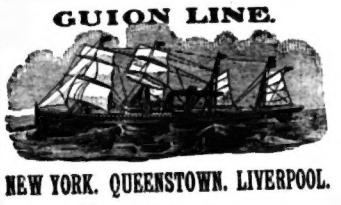

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